The wizards behind ABC's spectacular rise
Non-voters – the new majority ☐ Hang gliding's daredevils

NewTimes®

OCTOBER 1, 1976 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

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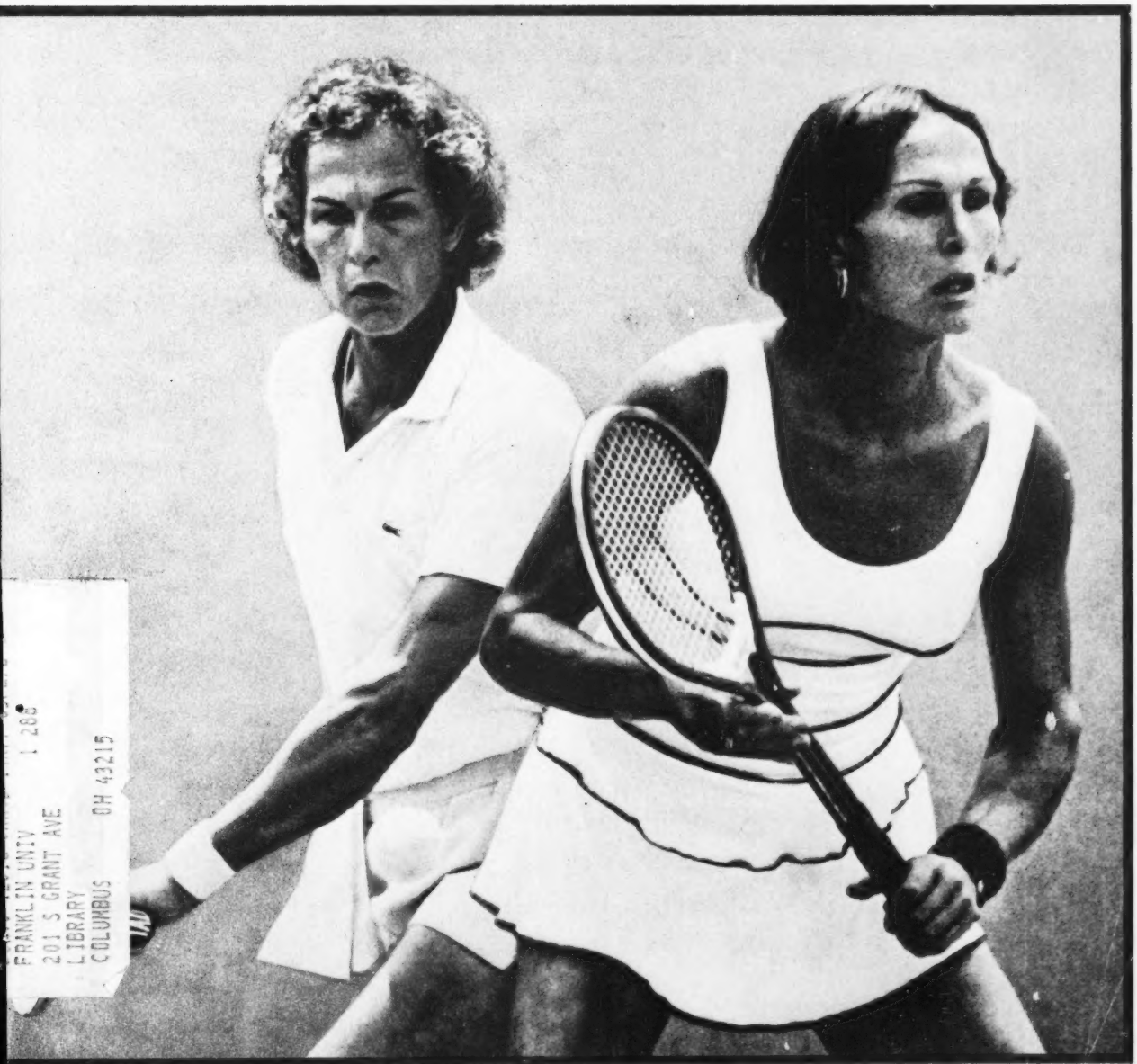
Sexual alchemy
it's a whole new game for Renee Richards



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NewTimes
OCTOBER 1, 1976
VOLUME 7, NUMBER 7

What if they gave an election and nobody came?

According to legend, Richard Nixon won by a landslide in 1972 with 34 percent of the potential vote. Nonsense. The non-voters won, with 45 percent of the vote. And this year, according to many observers, they'll do even better with an outright majority.
By Daniel Yergin and William Schneider
Page 24

COVER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIDE WORLD

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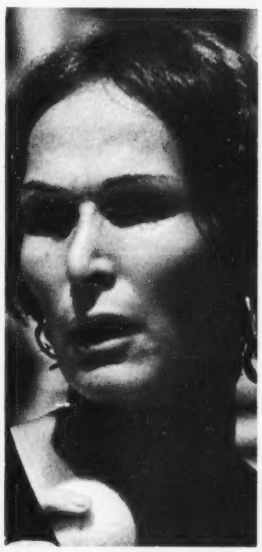
Mixed singles

When Renee Richards showed up at the Orange Lawn Tennis Club to compete in the women's tournaments, a number of prickly and confounding questions concerning identity and the very meaning of male and female came into play.
By Andrew Kopkind
Page 36

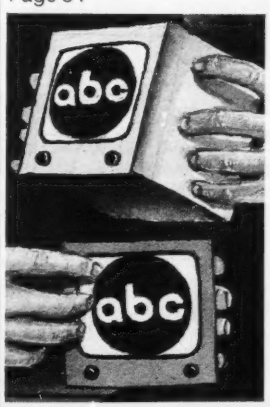


Hang gliding

High in the Colorado Rockies, 53 of the world's best hang glider pilots fly like huge colored bats, competing with each other and the elements some 2¼ miles above the valley floor.
By Roger Neville Williams
Page 46

Simple as ABC

The network that used to rely on Batman and Robin has a new breed of superheroes: businessman Fred Pierce and programmer Fred Silverman. If they have their way—as many experts believe they will—ABC, the traditional loser, will win this season's ratings race.
By Arthur Lubow
Page 54



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Abortion, amnesty and presidential politics just don't mix.
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Just what were the Bilderberg conferences about?
By Robert Scheer
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By David Milton
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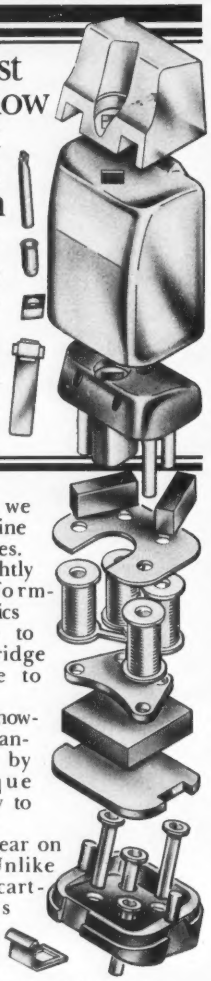

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Behind The Scenes

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PHILLIPS

We didn't plan it this way, but with Andrew Kopkind's current cover story on Renee Richards, he's fast becoming our resident expert on the politics of the new sexuality. A year ago, Andy wrote about Leonard Matlovich's struggle to stay in the Air Force as an openly gay officer, and recently he took a look at the growing phenomenon of nude swimming.

Kopkind broke into journalism as a night police reporter for the *Washington Post*, and went on to write for *Time*, the *New Republic*, the *New York Review*, the *New Statesman*, *Hard Times* and *Ramparts*. (In 1966 he covered our own Robert Scheer's unsuccessful campaign for Congress.) Now he's settled in Boston, where he writes for the *Real Paper* and *Working Papers*, a journal for social change, and delivers commentaries over WBCN-FM—all in addition to writing regularly for *New Times*.

Transsexual tennis isn't Andy's first experience covering sports, not quite. He last wrote about sports a decade ago, in *Time*, when the usual editor of the section was on vacation. Andy's version of sports, he concedes, was "very strange. I hated regular sports, so I wrote up things like spear-wrestling."

There's another sports connection in Andy's background. Back in the fifties Dick Schaap, now editor of *Sport* magazine, edited the Cornell *Daily Sun* and persuaded freshman journalist Kopkind to give up his plans to become a doctor. "I hadn't seen Dick for ten years," Andy says, "until last month, when he edged me out for a courtside interview with Renee."

The story on Richards is perhaps typical of *New Times*' sports coverage. One outraged subscriber wrote recently to question why we don't do straight sports stories like "every other magazine." That's not our style. Our preference is for exploring the cultural aspect of sport, and we would argue that Mark Goodman's story about Bill Veeck concentrated on the man rather than his managing; Larry Wright's piece on Dave Kingman focused more on the loneliness of the home-run hitter than on home runs themselves; and Bob Ward's paean to Mark Fidrych was more concerned with American innocence than earned run averages. Still, there's no denying that all three were about baseball, and perhaps this weakness for the summer game isn't coincidental.

Ever since late April, a third of the magazine's staff has been disappearing one afternoon a week to play in the Publishers Softball League in Central Park. It's one of the few times when such disparate publishing enterprises as *The New Yorker* and *Screw*, *Time* and Marvel Comics, *Sports Illustrated* and Random House find something in common. Last week, all the scrapes and bad bounces and late nights seemed worth it, as the feisty *New Times* team shown here overwhelmed *New York* magazine, 11-3, to win the championship of the two-division, 32-team league.

George A. Hirsch

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Letters

For Christo's sake

I wish to congratulate Stephen Singular on his piece about Christo's "Running Fence" (September 3). One has to wonder what really does motivate this man to spend over $2 million and four years on a long nylon fence. The apparent hip response to this question would call to mind "art for art's sake." But it seems to be more correct after reading of Christo's self-praise and his unusual great concern for publicity and money that his true artistic inspiration is "money for God's sake" and "egomania for my sake." Is the tool the artist?

Tom Pitoniak, Jr.
Westfield, Massachusetts

If casting for Christo's life is still open, I would like to suggest John Cleese of Monty Python's Flying Circus for the part. Then change Neil Innes' phrase around to become the title: "I've suffered for my art, now it's your turn."

Has Christo considered nailing anyone's head to the floor?

Marc Allen
Hoffman Estates, Illinois

Stephen Singular's article on Christo is the best article I've read in your magazine. The facts reverberate and are powerful. But what is Christo really subverting? And what is he really exploiting? Perhaps only a public who does not know what art is; a public that for years has been without art, artists or even critics. The emperor has been exposed in his nakedness and seen to be tattooed with dollar signs.

Christo is a lesser Evel Knievel. Christo hangs a curtain across a canyon; at least Knievel tries to jump his canyons. Both, though, have the peculiar American compulsion to size.

Paul Bolon
New York City

What a scam! I hope someone succeeds in sabotaging the "Running Fence." If Christo gets away with it this time out, his frivolities will be upon us for years to come.

First he masquerades obstructions of our environment as art. Then he justifies his exploits by brandishing them as political acts. Finally, he victimizes the public by dictating taste through government sanction. No wonder Governor Brown had no comment.

Elliott Leib
San Diego, California

Popular piety

Larry L. King is to be congratulated for expressing the conscientious dismay felt by many of us in viewing the rise of the recent evangelists (Fulminations, September 3). Unfortunately, the brilliance of the idea of getting something for nothing—in this case, conviction without comprehension—has blinded its adherents. God help them.

Paul Noeldner
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

With great interest I read Larry King's "The Jesus dodge." It takes courage to criticize a popular movement. There is great truth in what he writes. Those who scream Jesus are the least Christian.

Claire Simanski
Landover Hills, Maryland

Baring all

A rather heartening article on Bareass Beaches ("Middle America takes off its clothes," August 20). But why didn't you tell us where that "current pamphlet" that lists free beaches can be had?

Thanks.

Jim Ethridge
Detroit, Michigan

Editor's Note: information about nude beaches and the magazine *The Green Mountain Quarterly* can be obtained by writing to Free Beaches, Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54910. Also, a comprehensive guidebook, *Nude Resorts and Beaches* (edited by Rod Swenson, Jr.), published by Popular Library, New York, is a helpful source.

There is one issue that desperately needs to be discussed in the presidential debates. I, for one, would like to know where Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford stand on nude beaches.

William E. Carsley
Chicago, Illinois

Schlock values

I am shocked and angered by Frank Conroy's "Electrischlock" (September 3). It deeply saddens me to think of how much Mr. Conroy is missing by literally closing his ears to the electronic scene. Witness the guitar artistry of Ritchie Blackmore, Jeff Beck,

Freddy King and Joe Walsh, just to name a few. And let's not forget the keyboard wizardry of Keith Emerson and Patrick Moraz. To say that between these players and their instruments exists no "intimate physical relationship" is an insult to the players themselves. And so is the assertion that electronic instruments lack "personality." As far as the question of synthesizers is concerned, all I can say is that when a keyboard player plays "all sorts of games with the signal," as Conroy put it, the player is in fact contributing to and not detracting from the music. Mr. Conroy is obviously too wary of switches and knobs and tubes and transistors.

Mark D. Miller
Fanwood, New Jersey

Tea-ing off

Thank you for your fine article "The Organic Rise of Celestial Seasonings" (August 20). As employees of Celestial, we must say that it is one of the most objective pieces yet to be written about us. However, there are two points which need clarification.

Our new summer drink will not be "swill"—it will be a totally natural product. Also, we are not just adoring supplicants of our co-president, Mo Siegel. We are a vocal, strong-minded group of people. On the door of Mo's office is a sign that says: "Some people say he's an institution. Others say he should be put in one." I don't think you'll find an employee here who has yet figured out the answer to that one.

Rob McCaleb
Rebecca Metcalfe
Celestial Seasonings, Inc.
Boulder, Colorado

Although I'm no doubt past the target age for Celestial Seasonings' products (i.e., over 35), I nonetheless actively partake of a number of health foods and vitamin supplements—along with regular bouts of tea-drinking—and thus I'm no stranger to the genre. But even my younger acquaintances, denim-bedecked and wise in the ways of herbs, balms and natural goodnesses, say Red Zinger is atrocious. I'll no doubt finish the box, but that's all, folks.

W.C. Adams
Silver Spring, Maryland

Forbidden fruit

Your Insider called attention to H. Rap Brown's assertion, back in the sixties, that "violence is as American as apple pie" (September 3). Like many other people, your Insider is guilty of color discrimination and went inside the wrong bakery. What Brown said, in his 1967 Detroit speech, was *cherry* pie.

Caldwell Titcomb
Auburndale, Massachusetts

Walled in

Despite the assertion that the Carter campaign owes Macon's Phil Walden a bundle, it's my guess that if the going gets tough, identity-wise, Jimmy will drop Walden at least as fast as Gregg Allman cast off Scooter Herring ("The Capricorn Connection," September 3).

Edwin B. Barker
Torrance, California

Why did Mr. Anson decline to mention that Phil Walden is the moneyman behind the Carter song "Why Not the Best?" My question is "why not the best *what*? Dope? Coke?" The whole thing is very unsavory, and not befitting the next president of the United States.

Alma Gable
Lansdale, Pennsylvania

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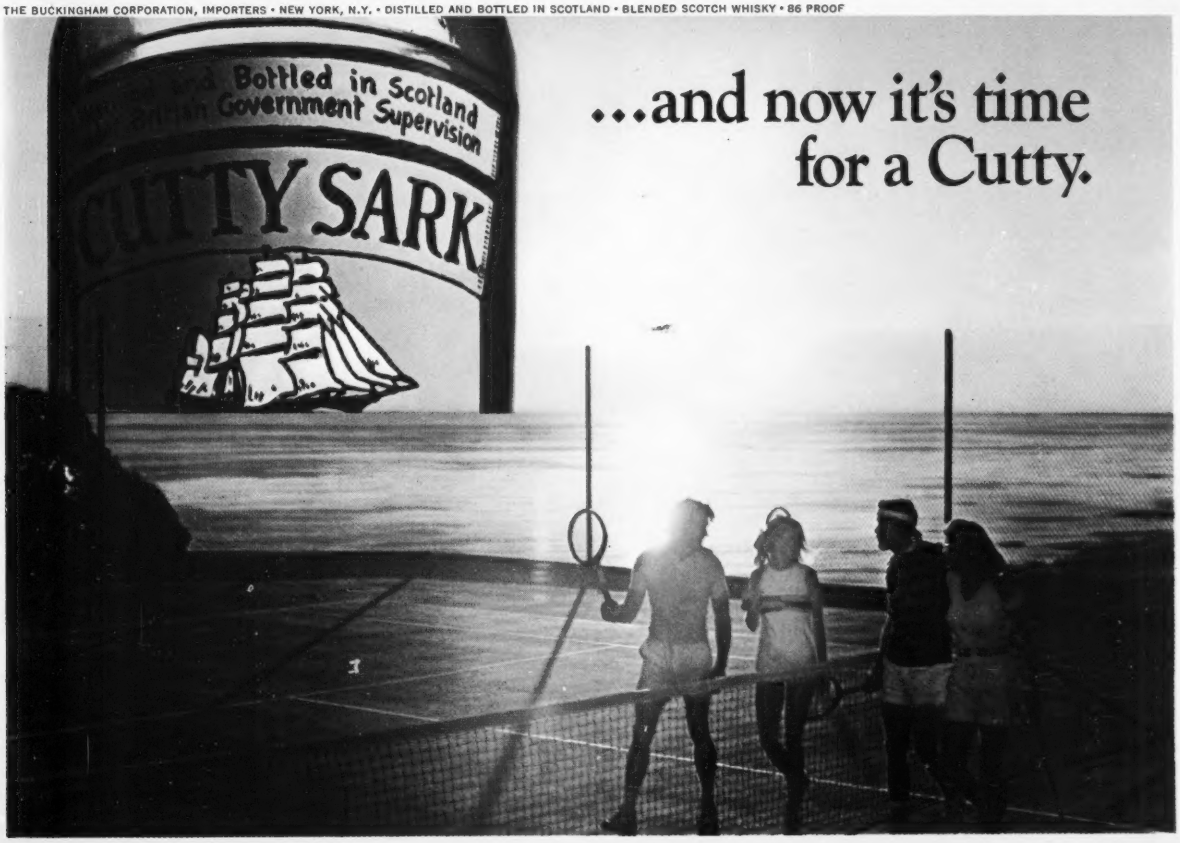

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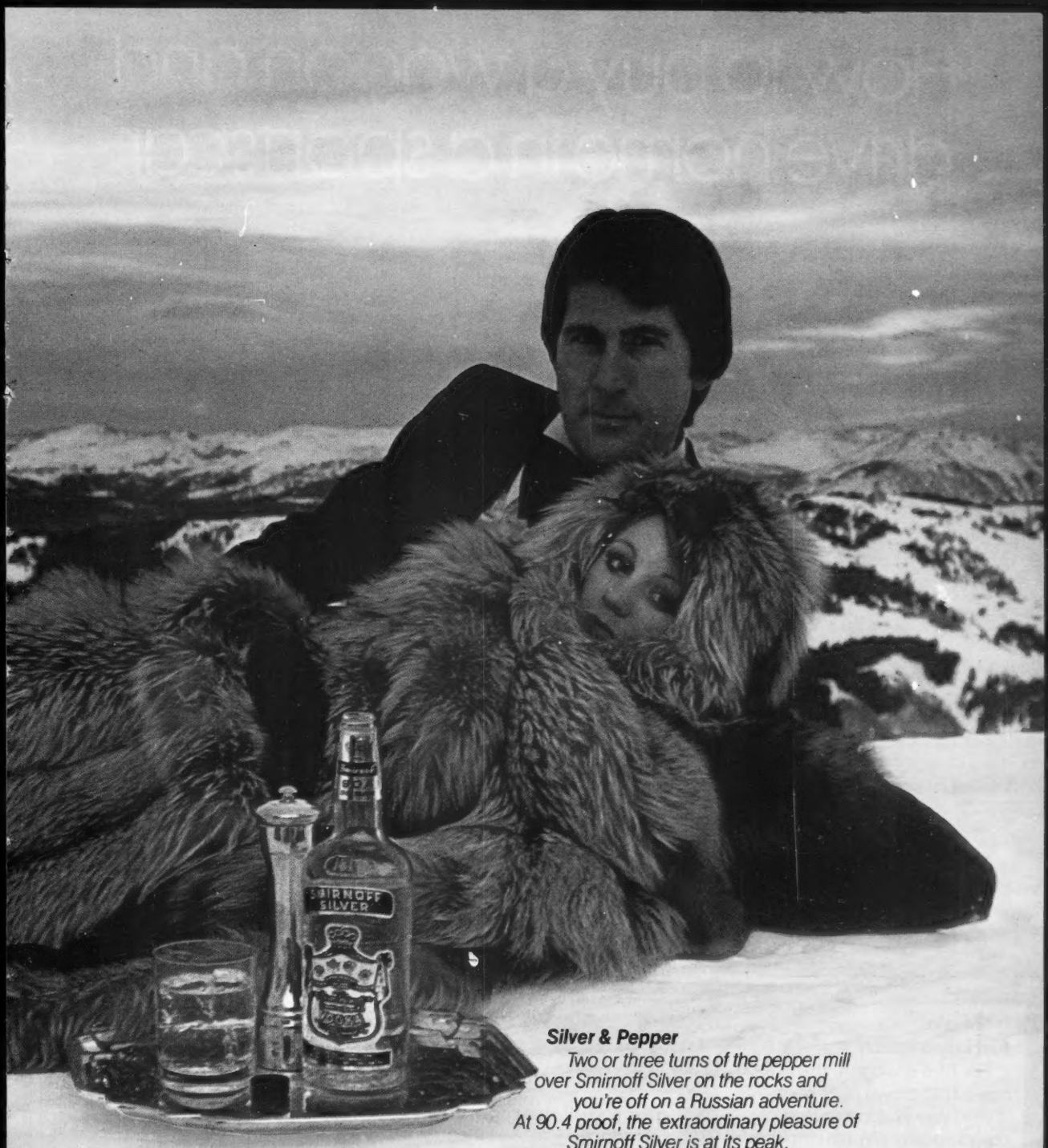

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* Tests conducted by Motor Trend.

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Fulminations

Emotional issues/By Larry L. King

It increasingly appears that the presidential election may be influenced by two very emotional issues: abortion, and the futures of young Americans who left the country rather than fight in Vietnam. These issues, and other factors, could turn the 1976 campaign into one of the ugliest in years.

Democrat Jimmy Carter, the heralded front-runner, suddenly finds himself on the defensive. American Legion delegates booed his remarks in connection with the amnesty issue, while anti-abortionists have shoved and cat-called him. President Ford—understandably eager to turn the electorate's mind away from Watergate, the Nixon pardon, government-by-veto and economic issues—has been quick to agitate these emotional issues. Though Mr. Ford has the reputation for being a decent fellow, he certainly is guilty of practicing the politics of exploitation.

Mr. Carter has not helped his image of being inexperienced and something of a waffler on issues. He seems to have his definitions bass-ackwards with respect to amnesty and pardon (the former meaning to forget and the second meaning to forgive). It's not Carter's fault that merely to mention either amnesty or pardon is to wave the red flag. Relatives or friends of men who died or were wounded in Vietnam (and many Vietnam veterans themselves) are incensed by the notion of deserters or draft evaders being forgiven or their transgressions forgotten. Carter's proposal for defusing this volatile situation, while certainly more humane than Dick Nixon's hard-line "never" or Jerry Ford's long-abandoned program of "earned re-entry" for draft evaders, is not without its potential for built-in injustices.

Carter's plan to handle military deserters on a case-by-case basis, no matter how well-intended, will amount to making class warfare. The Vietnam War was fought by working-class and ghetto kids, and it is these who comprise most of the deserters. Draft evaders, on the other hand, were primarily the sons of middle-class or upper-middle-class families. When they skipped out to Canada or other foreign havens, they generally fared well in their new lives. Deserters, ill-skilled and uneducated and often hiding from more determined searches, have had it tougher. Yet, since the word "deserter" carries with it a heavy taint, those who have deserted are likely to receive harsher judgments than will draft dodgers who never answered the call to arms.

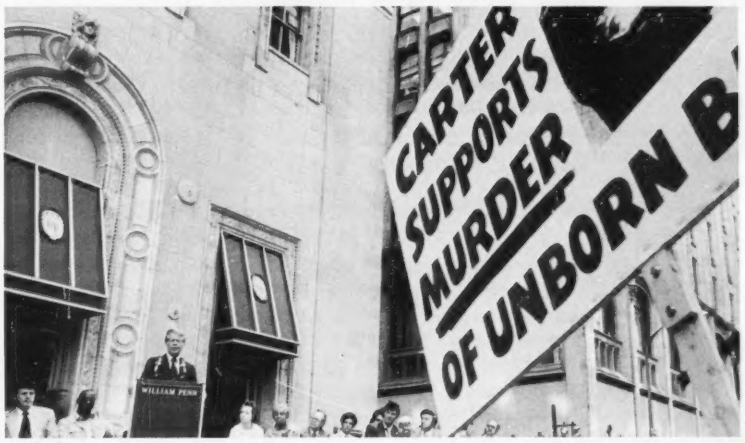
The amnesty issue, however, may be a mere emotional popgun compared to the abortion cannon. Jimmy Carter's problem began when the Democratic platform adopted a pro-abortion plan (which is, after all, in conformity with present law: the Supreme Court made abortion legal three years ago), and Republicans with an eye on the large Catholic vote do not intend to let him forget it.

One may offer many logical reasons for a pro-abortion stand and make good cases for them: the right of each woman to determine her individual fate, the social cost of unwanted children, the dangers of abortion mills, the ruined lives of young or poor women denied abortions, the fact that no woman who objects to abortion is in any way threatened by a law permitting others to have them. When people are proceeding on the basis of single-note emotional issues, however, logic is about as effective as treating snakebite with whiskey.

Mr. Carter's position on abortion—that, although he personally is opposed to it, he will not seek a constitutional amendment to prohibit it—has failed to satisfy Right-to-Lifers or the Catholic bishops. Though he ran the risk of again appearing to waffle on tough issues, by agreeing to consider an ill-defined "partial" amendment that would ban some abortions, Mr. Carter soon learned this halfway measure did not impress anti-abortionists.

Carter probably added to the confusion by then reiterating, under increasing attacks, that he will not "change my position in order to win votes." At this point, many people may legitimately wonder just what his position is. This is the image Jimmy Carter least needs to project.

One cannot become excessively indignant with President Ford for attempting to exploit the abortion issue: the Democrats, after all, *did* include a pro-abortion plank in their platform. This perhaps was foolish and a burden Mr. Carter did not need: it only affirmed existing law, which seems rather pointless, and it had to have the effect of making uneasy many persons who already harbored reservations about Jimmy Carter's evangelical religion. It also had the effect of politically legitimizing the explosive abortion issue, and gave President Ford a rare opportunity among Catholics, which he is taking.



WIDE WORLD

Mr. Ford also got into emotional and religious areas by declaring that Mr. Carter's defense policies would "invite a major crisis with our allies, including Israel." It is no accident that Israel was the only ally singled out, as the President was addressing B'nai B'rith and he knows that Jews—as well as Catholics—feel stirrings of unease about Jimmy Carter's religion. Mr. Ford's rhetoric may have served politics, but it hardly served the facts or fair play. No sitting president or candidate for the office, if possessed of all his marbles, would abandon Israel, and Mr. Ford knows it. Let us hope that the remainder of the campaign will avoid the rhetorical overkill now being displayed. We are divided enough, and have enough problems to solve, without such naked appeals to emotions and prejudices. ●

The Ruling Class

Bernhard, big business and the CIA/By Robert Scheer

There was absolutely no publicity. The hotel was ringed by security guards, so not a single journalist got within a mile of the place. The participants were pledged not to repeat publicly what was said in the discussions. Every person present, prime ministers, foreign ministers, leaders of political parties, heads of great banks and industrial companies and representatives of such international organizations as the European Coal and Steel Community, as well as academicians, was magically stripped of his office as he entered the door. . . . . —From *BERNHARD Prince of the Netherlands*, by Alden Hatch. Doubleday, 1962

Recent revelations of illicit ties between Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands and the Lockheed Corporation touch only a corner of this man's murky career—a career made possible only by the support of various American presidents, top corporate leaders and the large tax-exempt foundations. The CIA, hard evidence indicates, was the catalyst in organizing this coalition behind the prince.

The CIA connection was hinted at in one recent *New York Times* story which stated that the prince had maintained an account in a CIA-funded Dutch bank that was set up by one of his closest aides, General John von Houghton, who "reportedly had ties to the CIA." The *Times* noted that "Prince Bernhard was also a close friend of Allen W. Dulles, founder of the CIA." The *Times* also cited "one reliable source close to the government" as saying that when the Dutch prime minister confronted Bernhard about wrongdoing in connection with Lockheed, the prince denied it, but added, "If you would ask me about my relations with the CIA, that would be a different matter"—which is where the *Times* let the matter drop. So far as I can determine, no one has asked the prince or the CIA about their relationship, which revolves around the prince's leadership of the very influential Bilderberg conferences (The Ruling Class, September 17, 1976).

The Bilderberg meetings, which have occurred every year since 1954, have been the most secretive, exclusive and influential non-official gathering of the Western European and American corporate and political elite—including President Ford, Vice-President Rockefeller and Secretary of State Kissinger. Far removed from the public view, they have initiated such significant developments as the European Common Market, basic changes in trade, tariff and currency regulations and Western positions on "hot spots" such as Cuba and Vietnam. But I have come across evidence that none of this would have occurred had it not been for the timely intervention of the CIA in assisting Prince Bernhard in the formation of his Bilderberg group.

A shadowy character by the name of Joseph H. Retinger thought up Bilderberg and peddled the idea to Bernhard. Retinger, a Polish exile, was involved in numerous clandestine cold war operations and had extensive contact with virtually all Western intelligence agencies. One early Bilderberger, the late C. D. Jackson, who was vice-president of Time Inc., once described Retinger as a "sort of eminence grise of Europe, a Tallyrand without portfolio." Alden Hatch's laudatory biography of Bernhard, based on extensive taped conversations with the prince and researched with the full support of the royal household, says of Retinger, "Certainly he had almost as many adventures as Ian Fleming's famous secret service operative, James Bond. . . . Though his name is virtually unknown except to the initiates, he made more history in his secret way than many a man who moved to the sound of trumpets and the howl of motorcycle sirens."

Both Retinger and Bernhard had influential contacts in the United States, and after agreeing on the scheme, the duo went off to America to enlist support. A portrait of Bernhard in the December 1970 issue of *Fortune* magazine described that trip: ". . . Retinger joined him [Bernhard] in Washington, and they proceeded, with the help of Bernhard's wartime comrade, Walter Bedell Smith, then director of the CIA, C. D. Jackson, a vice-president of Time Inc., and the late John Coleman of Burroughs, to recruit an American group."

Bernhard's connection with Bedell Smith and the CIA is described in greater detail in the prince's biography, which states that the Bilderberg idea at first received a cool response from such as Averell Harriman, who thought it was too controversial. Said Harriman: "I won't touch it. It's dynamite." Bernhard, according to his biographer, ". . . saw a number of American politicians. After several more rebuffs he went to his friend Bedell Smith, who was then head of the CIA. Smith said, 'Why the hell didn't you come to me in the first place?' " General Smith then "turned the matter over to C. D. Jackson, and things really got going." It is interesting that the head of the CIA simply "turned

International fixer Bernhard, right, with Lockheed sales exec Fred Meuser.

C.D. Jackson of Time Inc.: the CIA's head turned Bilderberg over to him.

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT/TIME-LIFE PICTURE AGENCY © TIME INC.

the matter over" to a vice-president of Time Inc.; the naive would have presumed that these were unrelated institutions. But, in any event, Jackson was quickly able to enlist the support of Joseph E. Johnson, the head of the Carnegie Foundation, Dean Rusk, who was then head of the Rockefeller Foundation, and banker David Rockefeller. Bernhard was made chairman of Bilderberg, and Bedell Smith and Dean Rusk became co-chairmen. Retinger was made permanent secretary.

Retinger died in 1960, but Bernhard and Bilderberg went on. Although born with the blessings of President Eisenhower, who said, "I always had one of my people go to the Bilderberg conferences," Bilderberg was even more important to subsequent administrations. The prince's biographer, writing in 1962, said that President Kennedy did more: "The present American government is even closer to Bilderberg, because President Kennedy virtually staffed the State Department with what C. D. Jackson calls 'Bilderberg alumni'—Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Undersecretary of State George W. Ball, George McGhee, Walt W. Rostow; McGeorge Bundy, Arthur Dean and Paul H. Nitze over at Defense."

This same George W. Ball is currently one of Jimmy Carter's top advisers (as is Paul Nitze) and is quoted in Bernhard's biography as saying of Bilderberg, "This is unique and without parallel. The character of the meetings has been shaped by the very devoted and astute leadership of Prince Bernhard, himself. Without his special position, intelligence and goodwill, nothing like this could come about." It does not seem unreasonable to ask Ball and the other Bilderbergers, who were so mistaken about Bernhard, to now break their vows of silence and let the rest of us in on exactly what was decided in our names at these meetings.

Just what did, in Ball's words, "come about" at the hands of Bernhard?—now exposed as an international fixer who served the needs of large American corporations and asked for million-dollar bribes in return. It is at least a fair surmise that Bilderberg, too, was a device to serve their corporate needs. And just what was the role of the CIA in assisting this unofficial coalition of the elite in planning our future? We know that the CIA has overthrown governments that displeased the multinationals, but, in the case of Bilderberg, they seem to have gone even further and been instrumental in getting high American and European officials to collude in secret sessions with the heads of large multinationals and banks to hammer out a common international ideology. ●

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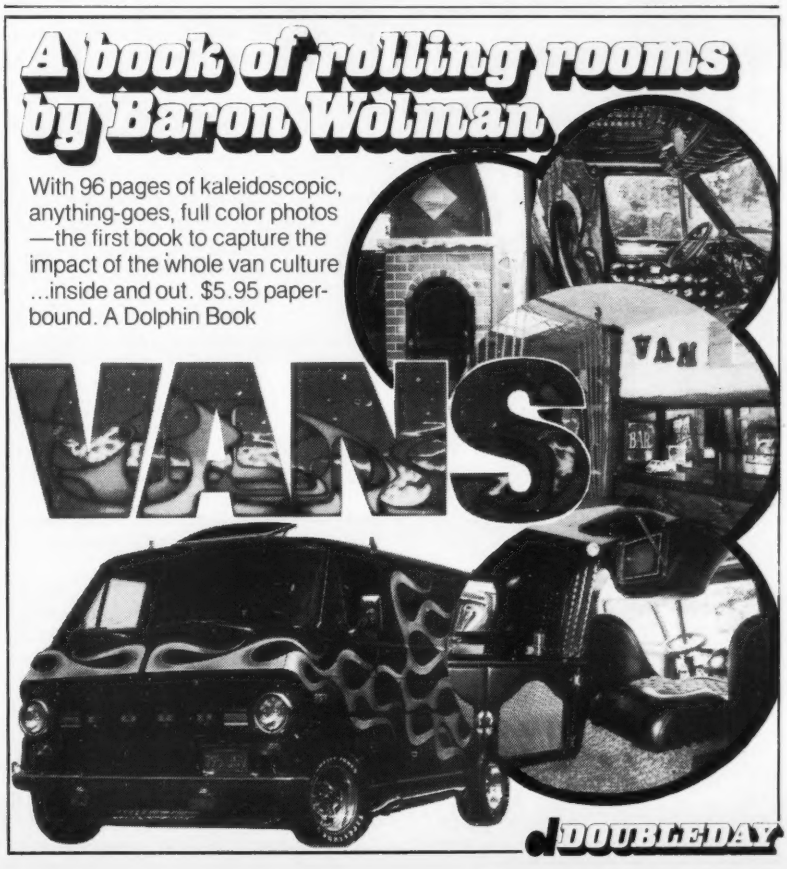
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The Insider

BY TONY SCHWARTZ

The ADA on Carter/Misery breeds genius

Politics

Love me, I'm a liberal

When the Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) met recently to decide whether or not to endorse Jimmy Carter for president, there was no shortage of moaning before the group took its plunge.

The strongest sentiment in favor of Carter seemed to be based on his good faith in choosing the liberal Walter Mondale as running mate. Bad logic, suggested one participant, who noted that if Carter were to be endorsed because of Mondale, then perhaps Reagan should have been endorsed because of Schweicker. The two v.p. candidates both had high ADA ratings, after all.

Another participant pointed out that the ADA endorsed John Kennedy in 1960, but refused to endorse his running mate, Lyndon Johnson. Why not reverse the situation in 1976, and *only* endorse Mondale? Six speakers in a row, by the count of one observer, rose and began remarks with a variation on the "I'm not a Jimmy Carter fan but. . . ." Finally a veteran ADA member rose, ostensibly to bring the ideological hair-splitting to an end. It reminded him, said Meyer Berger of Pittsburgh, of a visit to Germany after World War II: "I told a man on a train as I was leaving Germany that I hadn't met anyone who would admit he was a Nazi. He told me, 'You just met one. Well, I want to say I'm for Jimmy Carter."

CHRISTINA THOMSON/WOODFIN CAMP

Carter: the ADA view

At that point, chairman George McGovern thankfully interrupted. "I hope you're not suggesting a parallel," he said to Berger. Indeed not. The ADA participants, grumbles or no, endorsed Carter 54-7.

Roll over

This week's pusillanimous journalism award goes to *Roll Call*, a weekly Capitol Hill gossip sheet. *Roll Call* recently made plans to name the ten most—and least—effective freshman congressmen.

The first project went off smoothly enough. When the tabloid named Robert Krueger (D-Texas) as the most effective new legislator, no one raised a fuss. He has, after all, become the oil and gas industry's brightest new spokesman. But then word was leaked to the ten congressmen scheduled the next week to be named least effective.

Alarmed over possible repercussions over the designations in their home districts, the ten legislators huddled with House Majority Leader Tip O'Neill and members of the freshman congressman executive committee. Their resulting strategy was apparently a good one. Acting on the reported advice and consent of O'Neill, the congressional delegation met with *Roll Call* publisher Sidney Yudain, who promptly killed the story. Asked for an explanation, a *Roll Call* spokesman had this rather odd explanation: "Well, it's an election year, you know."

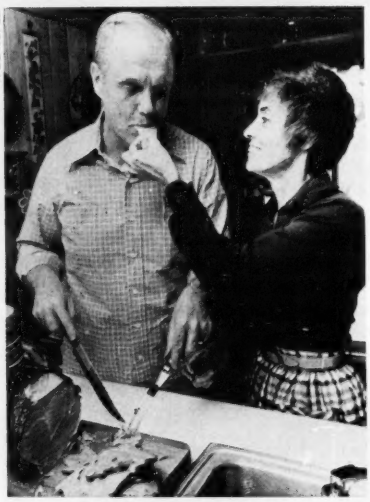
The sweetheart arrangement

This is a Washington, D.C., love story, short and sweet. It's neither tarnished by scandal nor shrouded in mystery. It's just what it appears to be.

The love affair is between Ohio Senator John Glenn and his wife, Anna. The two were childhood playmates in a small Ohio town, began going steady in the eighth grade, married several years after high school and had two children.

That's not so unusual. What is surprising is that in the high-paced world of politics, the relationship—by all accounts—grows ever stronger. Today, the two are rarely apart.

Anna works much of the week as an unpaid staffer in John's office. When he can't make it to a committee hearing, she attends and takes notes for him. When he manages a bill on the Senate floor, she watches from the Senate gallery so that they can discuss his performance later. Aides say it is not uncommon to come upon John hard at work at his office desk, while Anna reads on a couch across the room.



WIDE WORLD

The Glenns: love story

The couple assiduously avoids the Washington social circuit, preferring to entertain small groups of friends, or most of all to spend evenings alone together at their home in distant Potomac, Md.

Back in 1962, shortly before his historic orbital space flight, John told Anna that when he landed and the TV cameras went on, he would send his love by discreetly tugging on his ear. He did, and even today, as Anna watches from the Senate gallery, Glenn will occasionally tug on his ear.

It's not a nervous tick. It's just to let her know he's thinking of her.

How to be a governor

Tricky business, assuming high political office, and so it was thoughtful of some veterans to put together *The Critical Hundred Days: A handbook for the new Governor*. Underwritten by the U.S. Civil Service Commission, the 116-page pamphlet sells for $10, and at that price it ought to contain some gems. Actually, it's pretty pedestrian stuff, but we thought you might be

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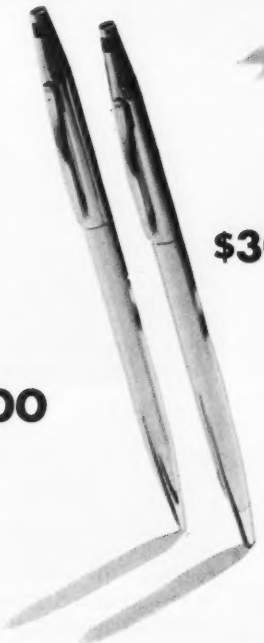

$190000

$13*

Why think of it as an expensive Scotch when you can think of it as an inexpensive luxury?

intrigued by these couple of deft suggestions:

● "Many Governors-elect reach an oral agreement with their appointees concerning how any subsequent 'falling out' might be handled. During the term it is likely that a Governor will want one or more appointees to leave, and one or more appointees may wish to leave over disagreements with the Governor. . . . Agreement can be reached that, in the absence of corruption, a cabinet officer wishing to resign for policy reasons will agree to do so without being critical of the Governor publicly. Similarly, the Governor, when he wishes to remove the cabinet officer, will permit him the opportunity to resign without public announcement that the resignation was involuntary."

● "The simplest security system may seem inadequate to some and paranoid to others. Some simple procedures include: Having someone make sure that the Governor's wastepaper finds its way to destruction without intervening readers. . . . Having occasional electronic sweeps of key offices. . . . Deciding whether the Governor wishes to have phone conversations monitored by a secretary and, if not, using phone equipment that blocks out other listeners. . . ."

Seventies

Small comfort

A quick scan of the 1976 National Register of Certified Sex Educators and Therapists (5010 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Suite 304, Washington, D.C. 20016) turned up these telling names:

There's Dr. More, Dr. Comfort, Dr. Wish, Dr. Wanderer, Dr. Money, Dr. Semmens, Dr. Wolf and Dr. Blazer. Then there's Scott Manley, Joan Handwork and Allan Craven.

And naturally there's Dr. Hartman (Dr. Hartman).

Campus capper

High fashion may not be about to infiltrate college campuses this fall, but there will be one sartorial addition to the jeans and T-shirt look. Baseball or garden style caps bearing corporate logos are apparently gaining popularity. The key, however, is the specific logo one wears. Trademarks for rock groups, record companies, beer manufacturers and the like are decidedly unhip. High on the list are the more staid traditional corporate logos: Cat Diesel, Purina, Mack Truck, etc.

PETER M. FINE

Hats: what's sartorial

And while we're on the subject of counterculture fashions, we ought to note that a once culty practice seems to have caught on more widely. Hemostats, those scissor-like clamp instruments used in operating rooms, are disappearing from hospitals in greater numbers than ever. The reason, of course, is that as joints burn down, hemostats make excellent roach clips. A spokesman for one medical supply firm reports that the problem is plaguing hospitals so severely that the replacement rate for hemostats exceeds that of any other instrument. Now if a smart medical supply company would see the light.

Miss/takes

New York has not had much luck with its lottery experiments. The first one was closed down after widespread irregularities were uncovered. Last month a second lottery was initiated—"The Empire Stakes"—with much hoopla and fanfare. It was an immediate success, at least until

THE EMPIRE STAKES
NEW YORK'S LOTTERY

Now New Yorkers can get something they can really use. Instant Cash.

How To Play The Empire Stakes Instant Lottery.

vendors discovered a way to cheat.

But then perhaps failure was in the cards. Consider the hidden—and we assume inadvertent—message in the logo of the "Empire Stakes" ad pictured below.

Mind & Body

AMA: Doctoring lists?

As one of the nation's largest and least known publishers, the American Medical Association puts out 11 magazines and has annual ad revenues of about $9 million.

Now the AMA's little sideline may make headlines. The U.S. attorney in Chicago has been investigating AMA officials for possible felonious fraud in dealings with the Postal Service. A secret AMA letter, leaked to postal officials, indicates that the AMA falsified its magazine subscription reports, cheating the Postal Service of some $400,000 over several years. Though the AMA says it was an innocent mistake, the officials involved, if indicted and found guilty, could get prison terms up to five years.

Meanwhile, a decision from the IRS is expected shortly on how much the AMA owes in back taxes on the ad revenue from its publications. The AMA hasn't paid a cent since Congress decided to tax such income in 1968, and Ralph Nader's Tax Reform Group claims the AMA is in arrears by at least $20 million.

Going to pot

Continued failure notwithstanding, the medical establishment seems determined to find something wrong with marijuana.

At the Harvard Medical School, three psychiatrists set out to demonstrate that marijuana generates hostility in social settings. They videotaped the interactions of 20 small groups of men as they met three times each to fulfill tasks set by the researchers. They found that the men—all in their 20s and strangers to each other—became less, not more hostile after smoking marijuana. Moreover, when the stoned group was informed that their work was unacceptable and had to be redone, they adjusted to the frustration much more easily than did the groups who smoked a placebo.

Meanwhile, at the Stanford Medical School, psychiatrist Frederick Melges attempted to show that hashish creates more mental confusion than

THE TIMES THEY ARE A'CHANGIN'

All About CARTER
JIMMY'S BREAKTHROUGH
SPECIAL ISSUE
New Times
Looking for Jimmy
By Robert Sam Anson
"The South had the answers. If I were to know Jimmy Carter and what we were about to become, I had to know his land. The mystery of him was here, in Dixie."

First there was Time magazine. Then there was Newsweek. Now there's New Times...

...a new kind of news magazine for the dangerous, challenging, exhilarating new times we're living in.

New Times reports the news from inside...down under all the layers of hype and bull and PR and fear and good-ole-boy propriety that so often conceal the truth.

No, we're not like any news magazine you ever read before. Which is a good reason to get acquainted during New Times' special half-price-for-as-long-as-you-want offer.

"Brash, irreverent..."

The Los Angeles Times called us "brash, irreverent and surprisingly literate." The New York Times said we're "the magazine that has an adversary relationship with the world."

Damn right. New Times investigates anything and everything. Because you better believe—there's a lot that needs investigating in this country.

We reopened the JFK assassination ...pulled the covers off those strange bedfellows, the CIA and the Mafia... sounded the first national alarm on the little aerosol cans that could be the death of us all...broke the story of over-the-counter drugs that are worthless or even harmful.

Hello, Abbie.

We went underground to interview Abbie Hoffman...and the FBI is still trying to figure it out. We named "the ten dumbest Congressmen," along with the King of Dumb.

We told the story of gay parents who are fighting for their kids...of single grandparents who have to live in sin to make ends meet...of marijuana's medical benefits. We discovered est and its Fuhrer...showed there were probably several Oswalds ...blew the whistle on the CIA's campus recruitment of spies.

It's now.

But you get the idea. New Times, more than any other magazine, is plugged into now. It's the magazine of what's really happening, and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and all manner of rare new ideas.

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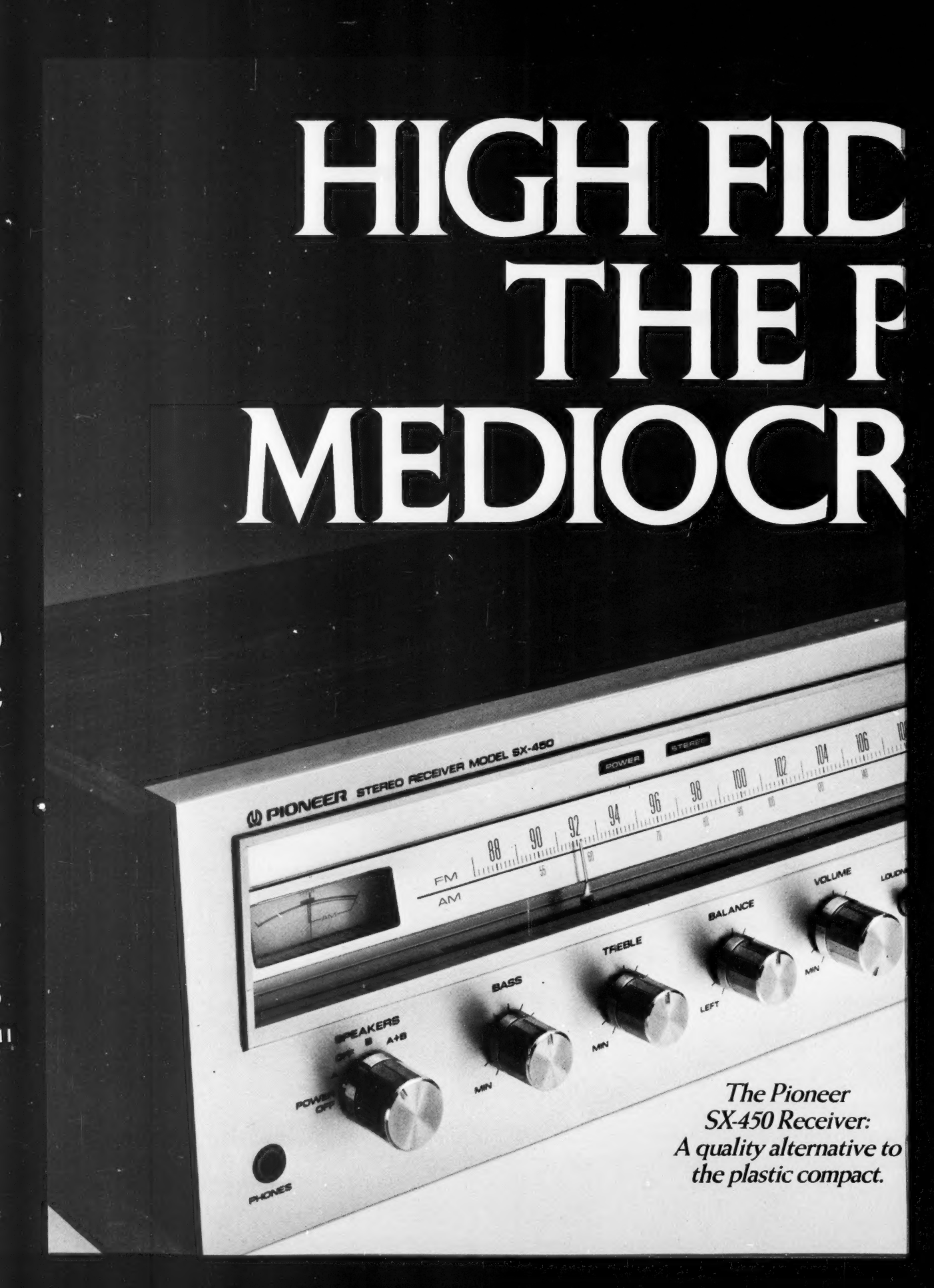

The Pioneer SX-450 Receiver: A quality alternative to the plastic compact.

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If you want to get into hi fi without spending a fortune, you may find yourself considering a plastic compact "stereo."

The cost of these all-in-one marvels isn't so high; but neither is the fidelity. And what you don't need is a machine that costs like a hi fi but is unable to perform like one.

Now there's an alternative: the new Pioneer SX-450, a high fidelity receiver with features and specifications unequaled by anything in its price class.

Since its price class is under $200,* you can assemble a fine high fidelity system around it for hardly more than a flimsy plastic compact would cost.

What qualifies the SX-450 as high fidelity is a continuous power output of 15 watts per channel, min RMS, at 8 ohms, over the frequency range of 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion.

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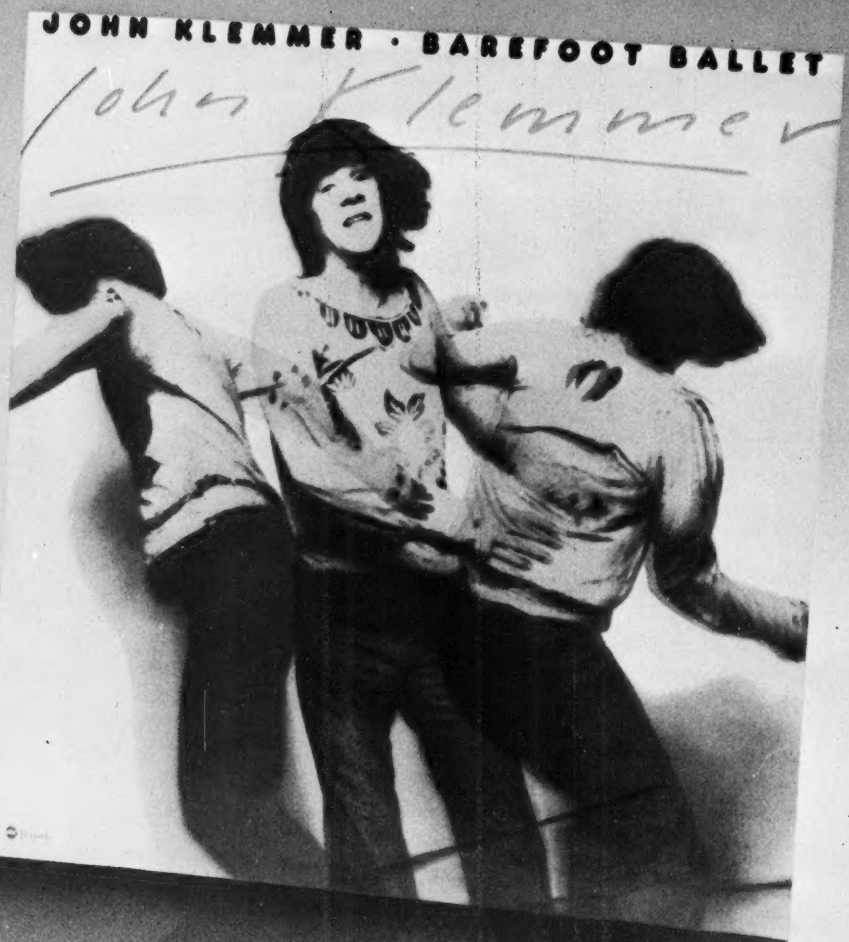
Leave your shoes at the door.



The response to John Klemmer's *Touch* marked his arrival as a popular recording artist and brought him rave reviews. Like that album, his *Barefoot Ballet* is a set of seductively quiet and peaceful tracks—further explorations of what he calls "the sensual flow of sound."

John Klemmer's Barefoot Ballet

On ABC Records and GRT Tapes

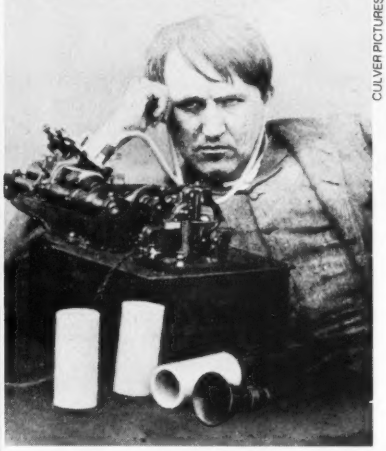
Produced by Stephan Goldman and John Klemmer

©1976 ABC Records Inc.

alcohol. The only significant difference he could tabulate was that the hash smokers tended to have more trouble maintaining attention over time than the boozers. Contrary to expectation, he found no evidence that hash consumption increases paranoia. Keep the faith, however, you who still fear the evil weed: when Melges gave his smokers hash at four times the normal rate, he was able to spot pronounced consciousness distortion.

The producers

Out of the greatest misery comes the greatest genius—it's a well-worn cliché. To the extent that such a theory



CULVER PICTURES

Edison: tough childhood

can be studied, psychologists at Berkeley's Institute of Human Development decided to do so.

The investigators looked at the formative years of some 400 famous Americans—writers, painters, inventors and politicians, among others. They found that 70 percent had abnormal or unhappy upbringings, using such criteria as whether their parents were divorced, or if at least one parent was alcoholic, mentally ill or sadistic. Thomas Edison, for instance, was beaten so often that his hearing was damaged, while Eleanor Roosevelt had an alcoholic father.

"Our findings," concluded psychologist Arlene Skolnick, "raise serious doubts about the assumption that traumatic events have long-term adverse effects on children. It may be that having to cope with unhappiness makes for a more resilient, productive adult than having a comfortable sheltered life. I'm not advocating calamities, but neither should parents feel their children will go to peices if everything's not perfect."

Drugged up

Just how wide are the price differences for various prescription drugs in any given city? In Sacramento, the California Citizen Action Group surveyed local pharmacies and discovered routine prices varying up to 600 percent. The price range for 40 tablets of Ampicillin was $3.25 to $14.00; for 100 tablets of Donnatal, $1.75 to $10.95; for 50 tablets of Darvon, $4.15 to $12.95; for 50 tablets of Tetracycline, $2.20 to $8.50; and for 50 tablets of Valium, $6.49 to $15.45.

The citizens' group suggests that prices are legitimately affected by the availability of such services as free delivery, emergency hours and the extent of record-keeping from pharmacy to pharmacy. But its charts also make clear that comparison shopping can save the consumer a small fortune.

Post Scripts

Rocky, Rizzo & the rest

The New York State drug law that went into effect September 1, 1973, set mandatory life terms for the sale of hard drugs, and was described by mastermind Nelson Rockefeller as "the nation's toughest anti-drug law." Critics, including contributing writer Michael Drosnin (*NT*: Sept. 20, 1974), called the law arbitrary, dangerous and ill-fated. Now the first federal study of the law has borne out its opponents' worst warnings. The Drug Law Evaluation Project concluded that in the last two years there have been "fewer dispositions, convictions and prison sentences for drug offenses" than in 1973, under the old law. . . . The recall campaign against Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo continues (*NT*: June 25, 1976), despite a setback predicted by its organizers. They collected enough signatures to place the question on the ballot, and then Rizzo operatives spent $750,000 and hired ten handwriting experts to check the validity of signatures. Enough of them were disallowed on technicalities such as using an initial instead of a full name, or incorrect listing of ward, to turn back the petition. Now the case goes to court, where recall organizers are confident they'll be vindicated. . . . The demise of the convertible (*NT*: April 2, 1976) has made those that remain collector's items. The same Cadillac Eldorado convertible that sold for $11,000 last April could have brought $40,000 from collectors in recent weeks. . . . Powerful New York Mets slugger Dave Kingman (*NT*: July 9, 1976) has returned to the lineup after torn ligaments in his thumb kept him out of action for six weeks. At the time of his injury, he was well on his way to becoming the first player in a decade to hit more than 50 home runs. Since his return, he has hit two home runs, bringing his total to 34, and making him a good shot to win the home run title despite the missed games. . . . Something has finally gone right for America's leading malpractitioner, Dr. John Nork (*NT*: August 22, 1975). After 24 judgments against the former Sacramento surgeon, he recently won a retrial, on a technicality, in a $3.7 million judgment made against him several years ago. Nork's license to practice remains revoked, and he is currently selling insurance in Arizona. . . . The great cattle mutilation scare (*NT*: Sept. 19, 1975) was apparently a hoax. Hundreds of reports from Western states that cattle had been found drained of blood and stripped of limbs led to speculation that satanic cults might be involved. In fact, autopsies have since revealed that most of the cattle died by natural causes.

Contributors:
Andy Alexander, Bill Choyke, Mike Edelhart, Larry Frederick, Phil Jordan, Joe Sharkey.

Convertibles: rising value

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RICH GROTE '75

WHAT IF THEY GAVE AN ELECTION AND NOBODY CAME?

By William Schneider and Daniel Yergin

Only 71 percent of the nation's adults are registered; over half are expected to stay home election day. After long struggles by the colonists, blacks, women and youth to gain the vote, it seems no one really wants it

We might as well call off the November presidential election. We already know which party will win. Not the Democrats, and not the Republicans. The victor will be the party that has won every presidential election, save one, since 1904—"the party of the non-voters."

We've just noisily celebrated the Bicentennial of the birth of American democracy, a revolution by people who wanted to control their own destinies and believed that to do so they needed a system of government by elected representatives. The story of American liberty includes many bitter struggles over suffrage: although white male suffrage was mostly achieved by the 1830s, women were still struggling for the vote almost 100 years later, and blacks another 40 years after that. The very meaning of democracy is that people choose their governors by exercising the franchise. But today, more and more Americans simply can't be bothered.

In 1960, ballots were actually cast by only 63 percent of the possible voters. By 1972, that figure went down even more, to 55 percent. According to legend, Richard Nixon won a landslide in 1972. Nonsense. It was the party of the non-voters that won the landslide. Nixon received 34 percent of the potential vote; McGovern, 21 percent. The non-voters walked away with 45 percent. In other words, the difference in number of votes cast for the two major candidates was less than a *third* of the number of people who did not vote at all!

This year, the percentage of non-voters may be even greater than in 1972. Polltaker Peter D. Hart estimates only 46 percent of the nation's adults will cast their ballots—making 1976 the first time the ranks of non-voters swelled above 50 percent since the Coolidge/Davis contest in 1924. "Everybody is worried about non-voting," said a strategist in the Carter campaign. "Look at what it did to McGovern in 1972. But no one knows what to do.

"Carter has two things to worry about in this election," he added. "That some people might prefer a conservative, and that other people might stay at home because they think Carter is too conservative, too close to the Republicans. The latter is more important. The choice of Mondale, a liberal, as Carter's running mate reflected an awareness that the stay at homes are a bigger threat to Carter than the Right is."

And presidential elections are our *best* showing. The 1974 congressional elections attracted 36 percent of the possible voters. In state and local elections, turnout is even lower. When Jimmy Carter was elected governor of Georgia in 1970, just 35 percent of the possible electorate actually voted. It is lower, too, in primary elections—even in presidential primaries, which were the major source of national entertainment in the first half of 1976 and which "created" Jimmy Carter. Even in the recent New York State primary, which included a hotly contested Senate race, less than one-quarter of the registered Democrats and an even smaller percentage of registered Republicans bestirred themselves to cast a ballot.

"It's very disturbing," said Bea Dolen, executive director of New York City's Board of Elections. "We still prepare to cater for a large turnout. We have to. These preparations are very expensive. But then, instead of 800 or 900 people showing up in a district, only 200 come out to vote.

"We have about 5,000 election districts and 6,985 voting machines in New York City," she continued. "We should have two machines in every district, but we don't. I used to get telephone calls from people complaining because they had to wait 45 minutes in line. For the last few years, I haven't been getting those calls. Turnout is so low, they don't have to wait five minutes. Frankly, I would be much happier if I got those complaints again."

Our abysmal turnout is even more shocking when compared to the other industrial democracies. Take West Germany—a country, after all, with a somewhat limited experience of democracy. In 1972, Richard Nixon won a landslide margin among *55 percent* of the voting-age American population. In that same year, Willy Brandt won a landslide among *90 percent* of Germany's eligible electorate. Turnout in Scandinavian national elections is regularly upwards of

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80 percent.

Or take Portugal. For half a century, its people lived under a dictatorship, with no meaningful voice in their politics. In 1975, the country held its first real election in 50 years. It mattered enough to the democracy-starved Portuguese that fully 91 percent went to the polls.

But does it really matter if Americans don't choose to go to the polls? Should we be worried about low turnout?

"I've never been concerned about non-voting," former Senator Sam Ervin, who was Mr. Constitution in 1973, said one recent afternoon. "Virtually everybody in the United States has a place to vote a few hundred yards from where he lives. I'm not going to shed any real or political or crocodile tears if people don't care enough to vote. I don't believe in making it easy for apathetic, lazy people. I'd be extremely happy if nobody in the United States voted except for people who thought about the issues and made up their own minds and *wanted* to vote. No one else who votes is going to contribute anything but statistics, and I don't care that much for statistics."

Indeed, one can even argue that the statistics about non-voting signify health in our system. "Low turnout can indicate that the political system is relatively stable," said Paul Hollander, a sociology professor from the University of Massachusetts and author of a major study comparing American and Soviet societies. "It is possible that some people don't vote because they feel that politics doesn't impinge on their lives. People may be happy with the way the system works. Over-participation is unhealthy. It can mean that political passions are too high, and it can be a prelude to extremism and political conflict. And, of course, voter turnout in itself doesn't really tell you a great deal about participation. In totalitarian one-party states, turnout will be 98 percent—or 103 percent—and it doesn't mean anything at all."

Why, then, should we care if people don't vote? One answer is simply that it's good for form's sake to have people symbolize their consent to be governed. Even Hollander admits that "if voter turnout in presidential elections drops below some point, it would be a bad sign. It would not be good for the legitimacy of our system, for the system requires some kind of minimal consent to operate. Voting is a symbol of that consent."

What is the minimum?

"I don't know," replied Hollander. "Perhaps 50 percent in a presidential election. Whatever it is, we haven't reached that point yet, but we're seeing the danger signals."

And there are other, more subtle concerns. A person who doesn't ordinarily vote is likely to go to the polls only when a particular issue of extraordinary significance to that citizen is at stake. That could lead to a fragmenting of the electorate, which worries Samuel Popkin, a professor at the University of California and a consultant to Cambridge Survey Research, which is doing the polling for Jimmy Carter in 1976. "I can see a day coming in our country where all voters will belong to the Sierra Club, the National Rifle Association and other very tight, mobilized groups," he says. "People will vote on small pieces of the action—primaries will be fought between an anti-abortion person and a save-the-whales man, and our two leading presidential candidates will end up Ellen McCormack and the head of the Sierra Club."

Even more alarming is the possibility that non-voters will be lured back into the political process only when their problems stop festering and really start hurting, thus becoming electoral prey to the emotional appeal of extremists. "Government has to do a lot of things these days," noted Professor Walter Dean Burnham of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "It's being dragged—and the people who run it are being dragged—into meeting demands for changes and policies to cope with the complex world in which we live. One can see a whole series of issues just over the horizon that are going to place even more stress on government. And if people get terribly upset with what's going on and a really major demagogue comes up upon the scene, you never know what might happen."

Widespread non-voting harms the system in another way. Turnout among minority group members is especially low, so their needs, problems and concerns go unregistered. Politicians are not receiving their cues.

The Rev. Jesse Jackson worked with the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King in the 1960s to win black people a greater say in American life. Now living in Chicago, he looks with dismay on the low

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Harvard lecturer Daniel Yergin is the author of The Shattered Peace, *forthcoming from Houghton Mifflin, on the origins of the Cold War. William Schneider is an associate professor of government at Harvard. Both are voters.*

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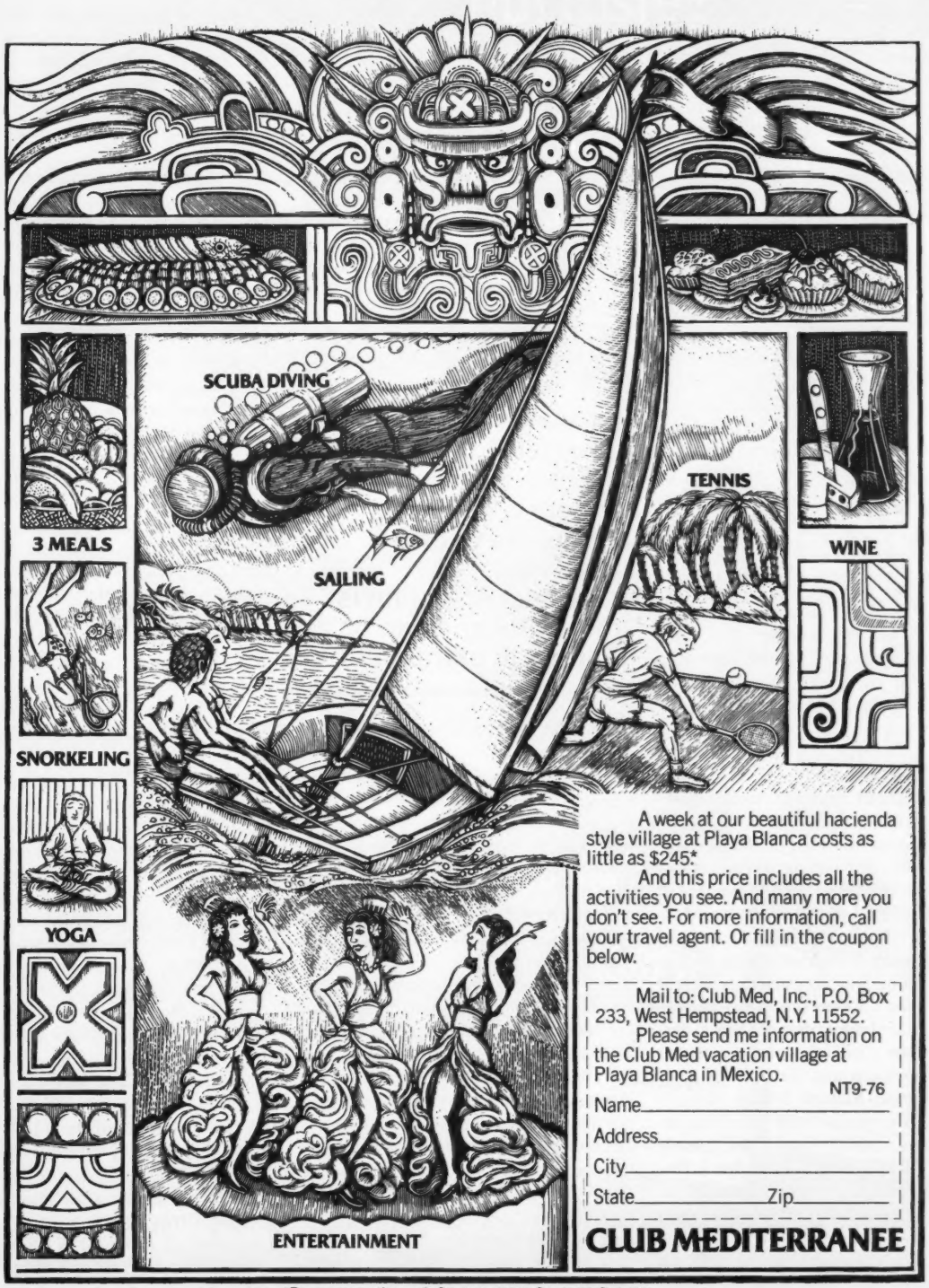

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turnout among black voters. "We have become politically apathetic," he observed recently. "Only 7 million out of 14 million eligible black voters are registered to vote. Yet politics is one key to self-development. In terms of notes, we have more political strength than labor or any other single bloc. We have a responsibility to use it to the full."

The unhappy fact is that blacks and other minority groups do not even use it to the half; according to the U.S. Bureau of the Census, 38 percent of the Hispanic voting population went to the polls in 1972. Not surprisingly, these groups suffer from their failure to vote. "Voting among Puerto Ricans in Puerto Rico is very high," said Oscar Garcia-Rivera, a young lawyer who heads the Puerto Rican Legal Defense and Education Fund in New York. "On the mainland, the turnout is very low. The effects of the lack of voting here are reflected in many ways. Federal funds are skewed very badly against Puerto Rican neighborhoods. Elected officials can simply discount the Puerto Ricans in splitting up the pie. If you don't have a voice that is heard in the Democratic Party primary in New York City, you just don't count as people. So poor people settle into their circumstances, staying poor. They're very angry, but very passive."

It wasn't always this way. Voter turnout was high in the latter part of the nineteenth century, usually between 75 and 85 percent of the eligible electorate in presidential elections—in other words, at about the levels found today in Western Europe. It was almost as high for congressional elections 100 years ago.

But the character of American political parties underwent a dramatic change around the turn of the century. The style of campaigning, as one historian has described it, changed from that of the "battlefield" to that of the "marketplace." Until the 1890s, candidates and their managers thought in military terms. "The election was conceived as a great battle pitting the strength of two opposing armies and the genius of their generals, with the spoils of victory being patronage positions and the seats of power," historian Richard Jensen has observed. "The parties were army-like organizations, tightly knit, disciplined, united. All the voters, save for a few stragglers and mercenaries, belonged to one or the other army, and the challenge of the campaign was the mobilization of the full party strength at the polls on election day. To heighten the morale of the troops, the generals employed brass-band parades, with banners, badges, torches and uniforms. Chanting sloganized battle cries, waving placards and flags, the rank-and-file marched for hours before smiling, waving politicians, who invariably thought the men would appreciate a two-hour speech."

But in the 1890s, politicians began to notice that many of the new generation of voters were not attached to one party or the other. They would swing back and forth, depending upon party platforms and candidates. They voted not on party loyalty but on issues. Votes had to be won with promises of leadership and reform, rather than with dramatic rallies that raised morale and passions. Merchandising and advertising took over the political process. The parties were like two stores competing for customers. Gradually, the voters lost their identification with a party and became confused and apathetic. They went to the polls, not because they were Democrats or Republicans but because one or the other candidate had succeeded in getting them to "buy" his message.

"Low turnout can indicate that the political system is relatively stable," says one observer. "Over-participation is unhealthy and can be a prelude to extremism"

What other countries have today, and we do not, are highly organized ideological parties that can mobilize the turnout of voters, especially working-class men and women. In Western Europe, where participation is so much higher than in the United States, campaigns are still much more like battles. In truth, American political parties can hardly be said to exist as national organizations. They "emerge" once every four years for three or four days solely to nominate presidential candidates, patch together platforms and go through the paces for the television networks—and to get through it with as little embarrassment as possible. Issues that might divide the electorate are avoided, for no party attempting to present itself as a truly national coalition dares risk becoming identified completely with one specific social or ideological group. An American party always presents itself as a government of *all* the people.

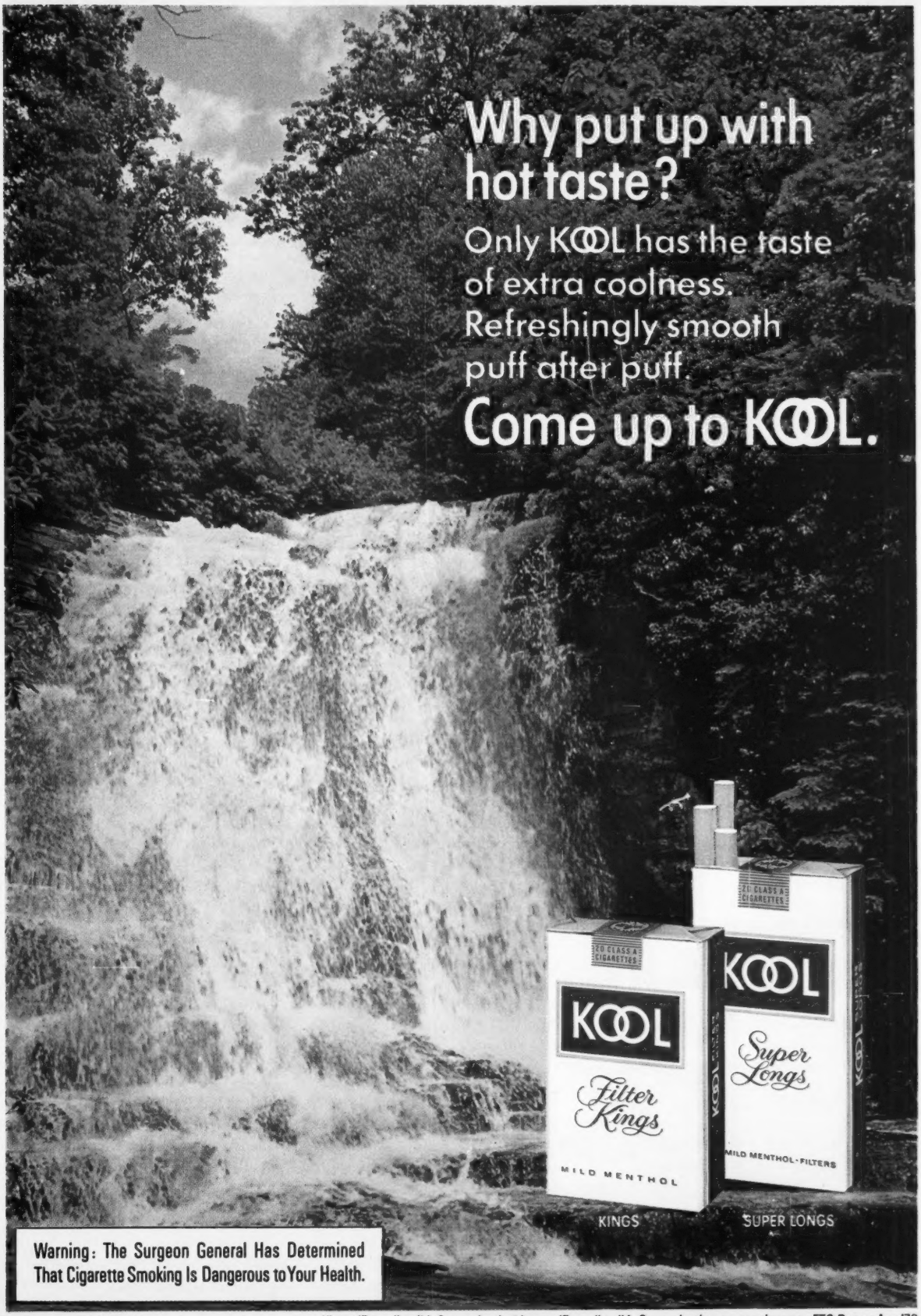
"What has surprised me most of all [about the 1976 campaign] is how rapidly the two political parties are disintegrating," said MIT's Burnham. "The decline has been going on for a very long time and has accelerated especially since the early 1960s. The very personalized type of campaigns that Carter and Reagan have been running this year are the wave of the future. What underlines this trend is the breakup of a number of institutions, chief among them political parties. I don't think the elimination of parties and the rise of media superstars is particularly healthy, but I don't know what can be done about it at this late stage."

Certainly the professional political managers are paying less and less attention to parties, and ever more to marketing. "What does a party do?" asked Hal Evry, a professional campaign manager based in Los Angeles. "There's no evidence to prove a party gets out even one vote. You've got proof right here in California, where there are a million more Democrats than Republicans and Republicans win all over the place. Organization is just a lot of crap. What has the real effect is television, not party support. Any extra money I have goes into TV ads."

And if a campaign is only a sales job, then the voters may decide not to buy either product—perhaps because the candidates have not made much of an impact, perhaps because they agree with Evry that what the candidates are trying to sell has no real meaning for their lives. So they stay home.

There used to be another incentive to vote—the old urban machines. Jacob Arvey, who first pitched in on a Chicago mayoralty campaign in 1914, speaks with some authority on this matter. In addition to being chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee before Richard Daley, he was for 28 years the leader of the 24th Ward, which Franklin Roosevelt once called the best Democratic ward in the country—in 1936, Arvey delivered it to the Democrats by a vote of 29,000 to 700.

"Our goal," Arvey recalled, "was to get our precinct captains into the homes as often as possible so that they would know the people and be able to get them to the polls on election day. When I was leader of the 24th Ward, we would make up literature which didn't mean much in itself but was a vehicle to get into the home. Unless a campaign arouses strong emotions, and a person feels strongly either for or against a candidate, it is very difficult to get him to vote. That's a basic principle. So we would do everything we could to get vot-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ers to the poll. For instance, we would use automobiles and runners to meet people as they left home for work on election day. That kind of organizational work is not done nearly so much anymore. In my old ward, we would get a 90–95 percent turnout. Today, it's down to around 50 percent."

Still another institutional cause of non-voting originated as a reform to guarantee the worth of a person's vote—but ended up disenfranchising millions. Our system of voter registration may be a primary cause of low turnout.

The latter part of the nineteenth century was the great era of industrialization and growth in large cities. Until then, most voters had resided in relatively small communities, and a neighbor's glance was enough to ensure that one man had only one vote.

By the end of the nineteenth century, election days had become drunken, rowdy carnivals. Party agents gathered together hosts of deadbeats and unemployeds known as "repeaters." For a small reward, a drink or two or three, these repeaters would gladly give their votes—and give again and again, as they were carted from voting place to voting place. It was not at all unusual to see platoons of 50 or more men being herded through the city streets, getting increasingly intoxicated as the day wore on. Good government enthusiasts were outraged by such blatant fraud. They also felt threatened by something else: waves of new immigrants settling in the cities. Registration offered a happy solution, combining virtue with restriction.

Massachusetts had introduced a form of registration as early as 1800. Only after the Civil War did most other states begin to follow suit. For a couple of decades, electoral lists were made up by local officials. But that crucial function soon fell into the hands of ward-heelers, who adjusted the list to suit their own party's purposes. The repeaters continued to make their drunken rounds on election day. Only now, they had to stop for a moment before going into a polling place to be assigned a temporary name.

Thus, between 1890 and 1910, a whole new system was adopted by state legislatures responding to the appeals of the Progressives. Now the citizen had to register himself. He had to appear in person with proof of identification, and he had to leave a sample signature that would be examined on election day.

The new practice certainly reduced fraud. But it also dramatically reduced the number of voters. In the South, the change was truly overwhelming. Politicians in that region perfected a stunning array of laws and requirements to "cleanse" the electorate of undesirable elements—which meant mostly blacks. They used poll taxes, white primaries, blank-sheet tests, literacy requirements, questions about the Constitution and grandfather clauses to achieve their goal. The disenfranchising laws of the turn-of-the-century South followed the logic of punishing the victim. If the black vote could be bought and bullied at that time, then eliminate the black vote and you will eliminate the "temptation" to buy votes and bully the voters. Who can say the enterprise did not succeed? By 1956, just 5 percent of the possible black electorate was registered in Mississippi. It was only with the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and its subsequent renewals that the federal government got into the business of removing the most outrageous practices, and then only in areas of flagrant abuse—the South and, more recently, Northern ghettos with high minority concentration and low turnout.

But throughout the country, even without the special motivation provided by racism, the new registration requirements encouraged a big drop-off in voting turnout around 1900.

Today, according to a recent Gallup Poll, only 71 percent of the nation's

adults are registered—the lowest point since 1948. Three political scientists—Stanley Kelley, Richard Ayres and William G. Bowen—carefully studied the connection between the registration and turnout a few years ago. They came to a very simple conclusion: "Local differences in the turnout for elections are to a large extent related to local differences in rates of registration, and these in turn reflect to a considerable degree local differences in the rules governing and arrangements for handling the registration of voters."

According to a 1973 poll of unregistered citizens by Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., three-quarters were "potential voters" who "definitely" or "probably" would have voted in 1972 had they been registered. Only one-quarter were "disinterested" in voting.

A potential elector must be sufficiently motivated to register long before he knows who the candidates will be and what issues will figure in the campaign—and long before the excitement has been created that would make a person go to the polls on election day. Registration is also a cumbersome and time-consuming process. It can cost money. A person can lose part of a day's income by taking time off to stand in line.

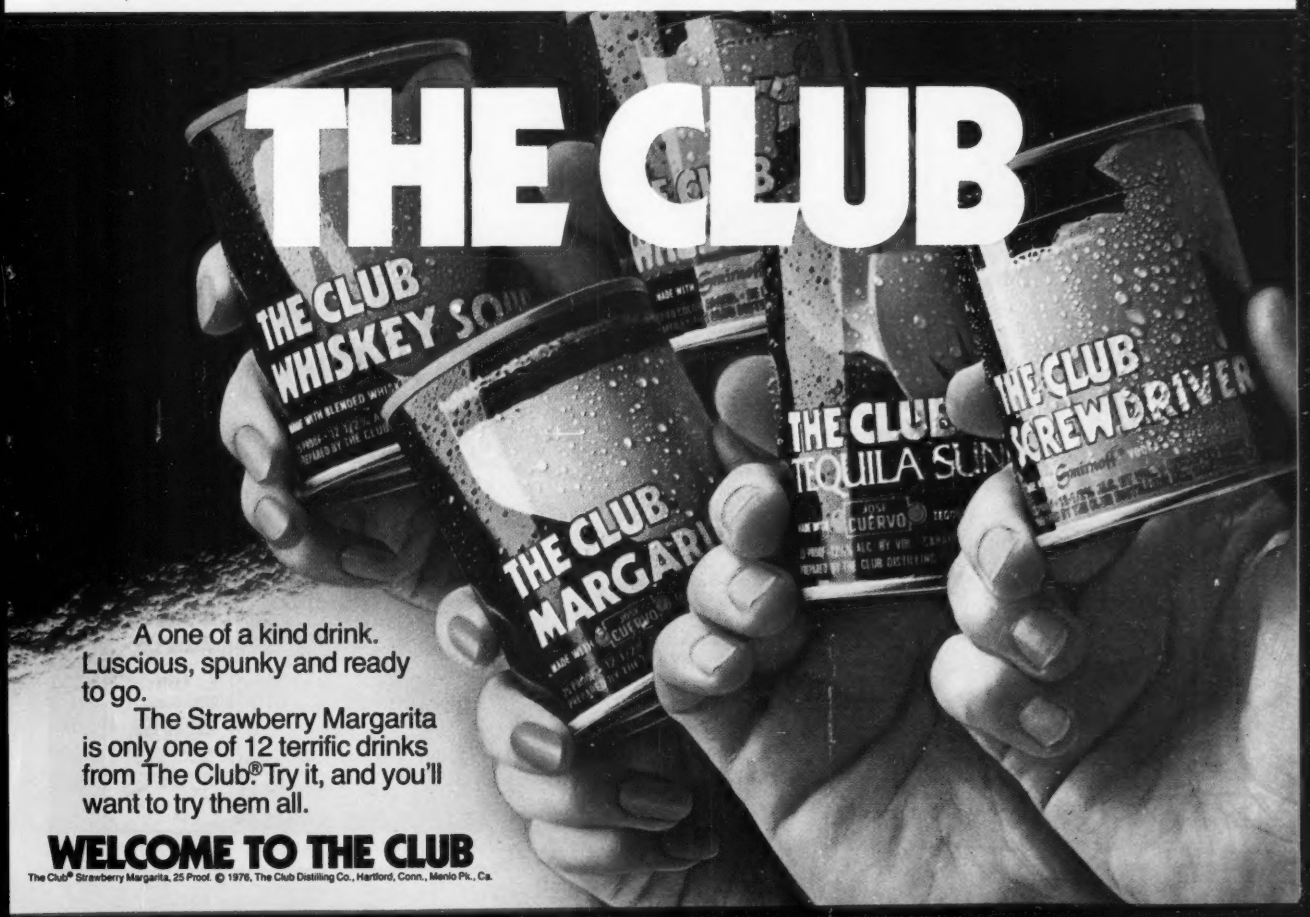
As clerk of Laramie County in Wyoming, Janet Whitehead is in charge of registration for that area. "I think that at least 40,000 people are eligible to vote here," she said. "But only 27,000 are currently registered. In our state, voter registration is relatively difficult. You have to come to the county clerk's office between the hours of 8:30 and 5, unless we happen to have a mobile unit out. I'm sure that everybody comes into Cheyenne, which is the main town, at least once a year, but do they think to register? Our county is so large that a person could conceivably have to drive 100 miles to come in to register.

"Basically, I don't think people should lose their right to vote because they haven't come to the county clerk's office. Our entire election laws are designed to keep out the 1 percent of fraudulent voters. I don't think fraud is a problem. And anyone who wants to commit fraud can still do it today—he can register seven times and swear seven different oaths.

"People forget to register," she added. "I went to the country club yesterday for lunch. One woman asked if she could give me a change of address so that she would stay registered. Then another woman remembered. It ended up that I took six different changes of address during lunch. But the whole process creates hardships both for our office and for voters. I can't be everywhere."

Ms. Whitehead's experience at lunch points to a basic fact. Ours is increasingly a mobile society. People move from one community to another in pursuit of education and better jobs, because their companies transferred them, because their marriages have broken up. Thirty-seven percent of U.S. households moved between 1970 and 1974. The mobile frequently find themselves outside the political process because of the tangle of rules and residency requirements. Twenty-five percent of the non-registered in 1972 had moved in the last two years. In 1972, almost half of those who moved from one community to another in the preceding year failed to register.

It is, of course, the young who are the most mobile and the least attached to their local communities. They are also the group in society least likely to identify with either political party. The result of all these factors is a staggeringly low registration and turnout rate among young voting-age Americans. (The latest Gallup Poll reckons that only half of the people between the ages of 18 and 29 are registered, compared to 72 percent of those 30 to 49 years old and 85 percent of the voters 50 years and above.) The expectation of some liberals in 1972 that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the newly enfranchised mass of 11 million 18-to-20-year-olds would make a critical difference was proved false. The best estimate is that only 4.5 million in that age group voted. Nixon won by 18 million votes.

We will not see a significant increase in the percentage of Americans voting until our system of registration is made easier. The most important innovation to date is registration by mail—registration comes to the people, rather than vice versa. At least 15 states have adopted postal registration so far.

There has been a battle since 1971, unsuccessful to date, to get a national postal registration system through Congress. Jimmy Carter has repeatedly pledged to work for a "universal" registration system.

Why not consider going further and eliminating registration altogether? Why not transfer the responsibility for making up the electoral list from the individual to the government? That's the system used in most other industrial democracies. In Britain, local government officials, working under the Home Office, make sure that every eligible person is on the electoral list. Each October, registration officials canvass all the households, asking a member of every household to return a registration form on behalf of each person in the house. Additions and deletions are checked. The list goes into effect in February. The result—British turnout since 1950 has varied between 72 and 84 percent. Electoral lists are compiled in West Germany on a similar basis. Voter turnout there has consistently been above 85 percent. Italians who fail to vote—in elections that last all day Sunday and most of the day Monday—have a "non-voter" designation stamped on their identification papers. Australians who fail to vote must provide an acceptable reason or pay a fine.

There are legitimate concerns about giving the government that new task. Could not the government decide that certain citizens—say blacks, or the poor, or the young—should be excluded, in order to help those in power maintain their position? But registration has in the past been used exactly for that purpose. That is what the great registration drives in the South in the 1960s were designed to combat. Still, the worry is legitimate. And that is why, in such a system, it is important that the electoral lists be open to public inspection and that there exist a procedure, through the courts or in some other way, to challenge the inclusion or exclusion of certain names.

While we're at it, we could borrow one other practice from other democracies and make election day a holiday, or a half-day holiday.

Although weak organization and stringent rules help explain low turnout, they do not explain the continuing *decline* in turnout. In recent years, after all, we have seen the Voting Rights Act and a gradual reform of registration procedure. But the reasons for the decline are elusive. We know more about *who* does and doesn't vote than *why*.

In the United States, it is more true than in the past, and more true than elsewhere, that voting is an exercise of status and privilege. The people who vote are the people who feel that they *should* vote—that voting is a civic obligation, a moral duty and an act of citizenship. Not surprisingly, people who feel this way tend to be wealthier, better educated and older. Eighty-five percent of the adults with family incomes of $15,000 and up reported voting in the 1972 election, while only 46 percent of those with incomes under $3,000 went to the polls. The poor and the poorly educated have other things to worry about—although they need the help of government the most.

Voter registration, introduced at the turn of the century, reduced fraud. It also reduced the number of voters. By 1956, 5 percent of Mississippi's possible black electorate was registered

In a Bureau of the Census survey following the 1972 election, 85 percent of those who had completed four years of college claimed to have voted. For those with one to three years of college, 76 percent claimed to have voted. Sixty-six percent of all high school graduates, 53 percent of high school dropouts and 50 percent of grade-school-educated Americans reported that they had voted. (These figures are, on the average, about 8 percent overestimated because of misremembering and misreporting.) "One man, one vote " is no more than an empty legalism in the face of this kind of hard reality.

It is not hard to understand why the poor don't vote. "Anger and alienation are the same thing for the poor," said Oscar Garcia-Rivera of the Puerto Rican Defense Fund. "I've walked up and down tenements, trying to get people to register and vote. It's been very difficult, even after the voting acts. People did not want to put themselves in a humiliating circumstance of trying to assert their rights. Poor people are less assertive, less sure of control over their own lives. They take fewer risks at trying to control their lives. And so, in the continental U.S., there are ten elected Puerto Rican officials."

All across the American electorate, however, non-voting has clearly risen in conjunction with the widely observed collapse of confidence in our political institutions. Many voters are fundamentally alienated, not sure what they want. If there is no meaningful choice, if it doesn't make any difference who wins the election, if all politicians are corrupt and incompetent, then the only sensible alternative is to stay home.

"A central fact is that in our nation, our people, disaffection and disenchantment abound at every turn," pollster Louis Harris told the Senate Government Operations Committee a while back. For the first time in more than a decade of sampling public confidence, he said, the results showed "that disaffection has now reached majority proportions."

Poll data confirm the trend of increasing alienation. A recent Peter Hart poll of non-voters showed that 68 percent of them were disinclined to vote because "candidates say one thing and then do another"; 55 percent suggested "it doesn't make any difference who is elected because things never seem to work right." The Center for Political Studies at the University of Michigan has been keeping track of "political cynicism" for over ten years now. The figures show a steady increase in antipathy toward government from 1964 to 1974, the most recent figures. What's more, the trend began long before the Watergate scandal confirmed the worst fears of an increasingly hostile and suspicious electorate.

"Do you feel that almost all the people running the government are smart people who usually know what they are doing, or do you think quite a few of them don't seem to know what they are doing?" Twenty-seven percent felt that public officials "don't know what they're doing" in 1964; by the time of the 1974 election, that view characterized 45 percent of the electorate.

"Do you think that people in the government waste a lot of the money we pay in taxes, waste some of it, or don't

waste much of it?" Forty-six percent in 1964 thought that the government wastes "a lot" of money. That response was given by 74 percent of the electorate in 1974.

"How much do you think you can trust the government in Washington to do what is right—just about always, most of the time, or only some of the time?" The view that we can trust the federal government "only some of the time" rose from 22 percent in 1964, to 31 percent in 1966, to 37 percent in 1968, to 44 percent in 1970, to 46 percent in 1972, to a resounding 62 percent at the end of 1974.

What lies behind this dramatic increase in alienation? Arthur H. Miller of the University of Michigan has found "strong evidence that those who feel that *neither* party offers viable solutions to contemporary social problems are among the most cynical, distrustful and alienated citizens in the United States today." Jack Citrin of the University of California at Berkeley points out that alienation goes beyond ideological discontent on the Left and Right. "*Results*, such as an improving economy, will do more to rebuild trust in government than the adoption of some particular program. . . ."

The fact is that voting is not an act of rational self-interest. You cannot "buy" anything with your vote. The result of an election is the same for everybody—for those who voted for the winner, for those who voted for the loser and for those who did not vote at all. Your one vote cannot ensure the outcome, and your abstention cannot exclude you from the outcome. What requires explanation is not why people don't vote; it is perfectly rational to abstain. The question is why they do vote.

The primary reason given is that voting is a "citizen's duty." You learn in school that you are "uncivic" if you do not vote—which is why non-voters frequently refuse to admit that they avoided the polls.

Samuel Popkin suggests that we would understand non-voting better if, instead of seeing voting as "citizen's duty," we saw it as "citizen's pleasure." "If you're doing it as a duty, when things are bad, people should go to the polls more," he said. "But with Vietnam and Watergate, that has not been true. What is really involved is citizen's pleasure. You get a good feeling from going to the polls. It's self-satisfaction of doing what a citizen should do. But the self-satisfaction decreases when the government is not in control.

"Since an ugly war and Watergate, there's even been some decrease in turnout by older people, who used to be regular voters," he continued. "And, of course, there is that low registration among the young. People who grew up in the sixties, when the country was in trouble, received a lower dose of citizen's duty—or citizen's pleasure—while going to school."

Underlying it all is the sense that voting does not count. Not merely your vote and our vote, but the voting in total, the electoral outcome. "When it comes to presidential elections, the thing is perceived as too big," said Grant Ujifusa, co-editor of the authoritative *Almanac of American Politics*. "One of the great fundamental American beliefs is privatism, the thought that I ought to be able to do what I want to do. The ironic thing is that there is this renewed belief in privatism, while public institutions are growing at all levels. People say that what Washington or the city council does won't affect them, although, increasingly, both do. You would think they would take an interest, since so much affects their lives. But maybe the voters—or rather, the non-voters—should be given more credit. Perhaps they realize that congressmen don't affect so much what happens as somebody with a lot of clout in a federal agency. Perhaps elected officials don't matter as much as bureaucrats."

"There is no connection between voting and what comes out at the bottom of the machine. Nixon pledges law and order, and you get crime and corruption. Why vote?"

The feeling goes even further—not merely that the voter's voice won't be heard but that even if it is, the consequences are unclear. "People have the feeling that government is not under control, it's unpredictable," said Popkin. "There is no connection between voting and what comes out at the bottom of the machine. Nixon pledges law and order, and receives votes on that issue, and you get crime and corruption. Why vote? Rather than controlling the levers of power, the President seems to be playing a slot machine, and you don't know when it's going to come up lemons."

Jimmy Carter appealed to this sense of alienation in his primary campaign, where he ran as a self-styled "outsider" against the discredited "Washington politicians," including the regulars of his own party. Carter's vague and unfocused protest campaign worried many people. They worried about Carter for the same reason people worry about non-voting—it is hard to tell what is implied, beyond an obvious antipathy to familiar alternatives.

Carter seems to be offering the American people a way out of alienation with his carefully cultivated aura of trust, decency, honesty and competence. He is telling voters that he will give them reasons to restore their confidence in the system, to participate in it. It is still only a promise. If he should be elected and then fails to deliver on that promise—if he joins the ranks of his immediate predecessors—it could be a devastating shock to our already weakened political system.

Other candidates are also playing on the theme of alienation, trying to tap it and direct it this way or that. Jerry Brown, another unconventional politician, defeated Carter in every primary where they were both on the ballot. Carter strategists are worried about the 5 to 10 percent of the voters that Gene McCarthy may drain away from the Democratic ticket in November. In his third-party campaign, McCarthy is orienting himself to the 45 percent who did not vote in 1972. "You have to assume that they weren't all indifferent to politics as such," he said, "that they must have been indifferent to what was being offered them. I think the potential is there."

Is there any way out of alienation, or at least any way to bring the voters back?

"Of course, it's my right not to vote as well as to vote," said Bea Dolen of New York City's Board of Elections. "The vote is like your right arm: you don't value it until you break it. Sometimes I think maybe we should deny people the right to vote in one election. Then people would realize how important the vote is."

A few days ago, Gerald Ford was asked why there will be so many non-voters in the November presidential election. "It's hard to understand," he replied.

In fact, as we look back over the last several years, it is not so hard to understand. It is hard, however, to do something about the situation. The non-voters are saying that politicians don't do what they promise. It is up to the politicians to prove the non-voters wrong. ●

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The sports page epic of Renee Richards raises prickly questions of identity, of masculinity and femininity, of body and soul—so sensational because they are so confounding and even threatening

MIXED SINGLES

BY ANDREW KOPKIND

It was one of those oppressive mid-Atlantic afternoons in August, when just going outside is like walking into somebody's mouth. The spectators around the tournament court at the Orange (N.J.) Lawn Tennis Club were soggy enough simply from sitting in the stands. Down below, Renee Richards was melting like the Witch of the West, her short hair plastered to her pate, an *haute couture* tennis frock drenched and clinging to her large, lean figure. But despite the dismal day, she was exuberant as she defeated Kathy Harter, a well-regarded opponent a dozen years her junior. As the bleachers cheered her victory, Richards strode to the edge of the court and placed a long arm around Harter's shoulders.

"Kathy, you're one hell of a girl," she growled warmly. Harter smiled appreciatively and looked up into Richards' face: "You are too, Renee."

It was not an easy compliment for Harter to return. Richards' fast shuffle of her cards of identity from Jack to Queen convinces old friends and a few sexually progressive tennis pros. But the established stars, such as Chris Evert, and the controlling organizations, such as the Women's Tennis Association, still think of Renee as Dick.

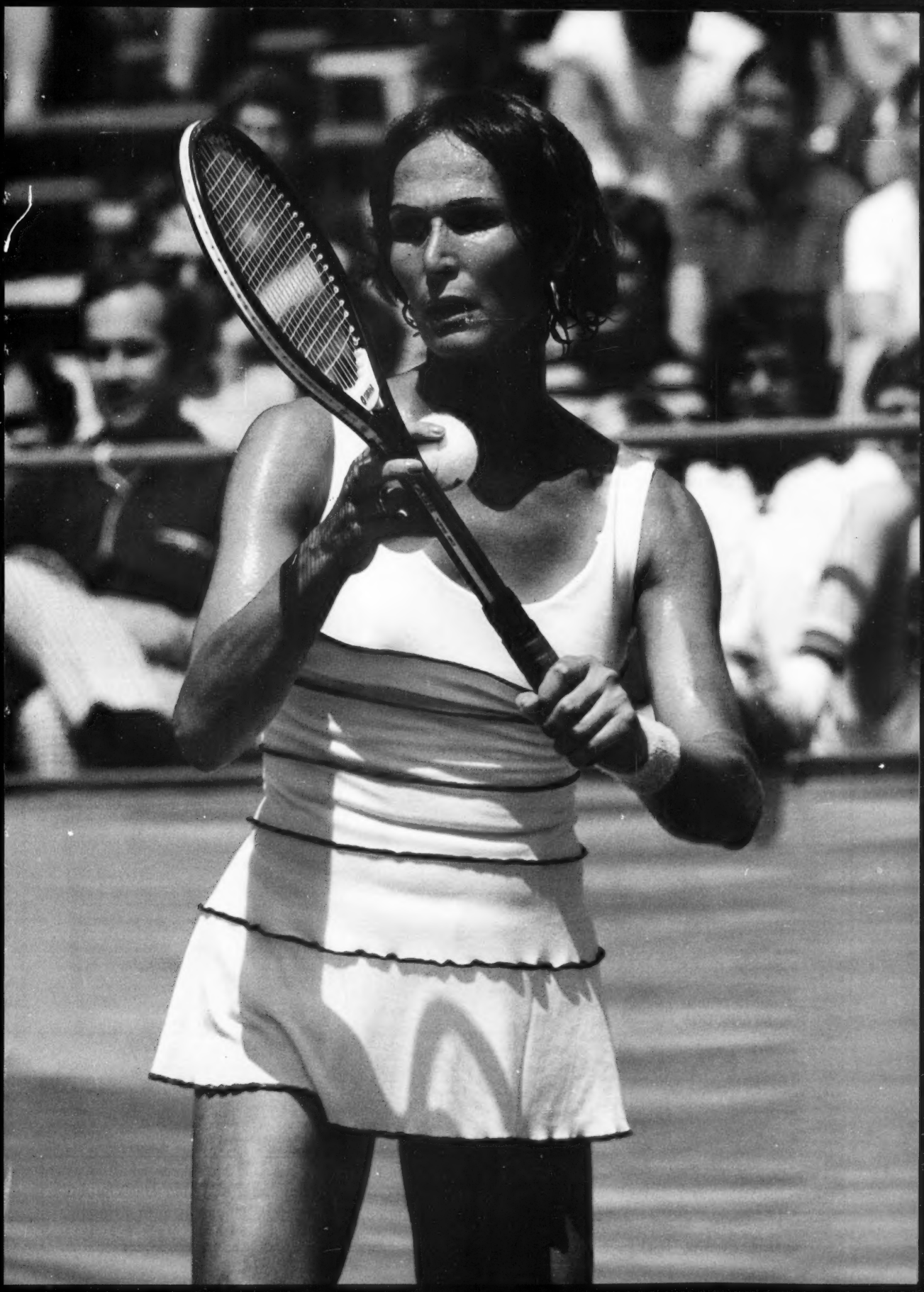
Dick Raskind, M.D., started playing tennis as a kid, captained the Yale (Class of '56) tennis team, advanced to a top seed in the national men's over-35 rankings, narrowly missed a Forest Hills championship and meanwhile built a lucrative and respected practice as an ophthalmologist. Finally last summer, Raskind gave up the retreating ghost of his masculinity and underwent the surgery which exchanged his male for female genital and urological equipment. Dick was born again as Renee (literally, "reborn" in French) and moved to Newport Beach, Calif., where she began new ophthalmological and tennis careers—this time in the women's ranks.

For many months Renee Richards kept her new profile low. She treated her patients and played the odd tennis set at the John Wayne Tennis Club. But at a match earlier this summer in La Jolla, a spectator "read" Renee (in the jargon of sexual closetry) as her former male incarnation, and a San Diego newscaster started running with the tip. Now the ball was in her court.

"I pleaded with the TV man for hours," Richards told me recently. "I asked him not to go on the air with the story, but he did. Even so, I could have buried it. It wasn't national news. My father and my sister urged me to wait it out, until the story died off and I could go back to leading my life again. I had that choice."

But because of the "zillions of letters" from sexually oppressed sympathizers seeking a spokesperson, or because of her own need for real-life validation, Richards went public. She applied to compete in the big women's matches of the year, found an old tennis friend who let her enter the tournament he was organizing at Orange Lawn and volleyed with press and players there with equal agility. She lost the $1,800 first prize money in the semifinals, after a sleepless week of hounding by an insidiously curious press. But a few days later she won more than $100,000 from Random House and Ballantine Books at an "auction" for rights to her autobiography, whereupon she announced she would take a year off from eye-doctoring in favor of tennis and other pursuits. At 42, she may find the other pursuits more rewarding than the tennis. But all things considered, the score surely stands: Advantage, Richards.

Even in a season crowded with ample subjects for gossip, Renee Richards is a commanding media phenomenon. The transsexual process changed her into an *event* as well as a woman, and made transsexualism itself a hot topic. TV's *Medical Center* unzipped its sex-change two-parter as a September rerun. In Emeryville, California, female-to-male transsexual gym teacher Steve



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3. National Judging Institute, Inc., will direct judging of all entries. Entries will not be judged on artistic ability or medium of presentation. Judging will be solely on the basis of: originality—novel or interesting situation (0-50 points); aptness—fitting to the contest theme (0-20 points); humorous appeal—amusing or comical (0-30 points). Winners will be selected by a panel of nationally known cartoonists from semifinalists chosen by National Judging Institute, Inc. All decisions will be final; and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
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Dain won the support of 175 students and parents protesting his arrest for "willful disturbance" of a teachers' meeting after he asked to resume his teaching career as a man. Richards herself turned up on a New York television news-talk show before her publicity agent began worrying that she was giving away vauable details of her story that might more profitably be saved for "the book."

Richards held up well under the barrage, but the klieg lights were hot and the headlines assaulted a woman whose very life would titillate the masses and make moralists of improbable observers. "Well, a bad joke ended today when Renee Richards lost. . . ," one television sports-reader said. "Renee Richards, who made a mockery of women's tennis . . . ," another began.

"The vast majority of transsexuals prefer to merge back into society as women," Richards said softly in a talk we had in her Madison Avenue hotel suite during the Tennis Week week. "They don't want to be something special. But I'm an event because I have become open about it."

Now people gawk at her in the streets and old friends gossip, but Richards maintains a single-minded sense of control over her social environment. She finds comfort in the kindness of strangers: "Just the other day in my old neighborhood a man recognized me, stopped his car, jumped out, ran over and shook my hand," she reported. Former tennis buddies still call for games; one friend had her over for a set at an exclusive Manhattan club, causing "quite a sensation" at courtside. But she keeps up the friendships she values from the old days and forms new ones (there are rumors of a romantic liaison with a man in California) despite the celebrity.

"I feel the pressure tremendously," she allowed. "I feel I have to behave perfectly, to be a model of decorum. Then I go home and I *don't* behave so perfectly," she grinned. "At practice yesterday, I whacked the ball so hard against the clubhouse wall I knocked down a picture on the inside. You see, I'm damned if I do, damned if I don't in this thing. If I don't win a tournament, then I'm a flash in the pan. If I do win, then everyone will say I have a tremendous advantage because I used to be a man."

Tennis is a way to prove her legitimacy as well as a danger to it. "It's my vehicle for expressing the social issues: that a transsexual is a woman in every conceivable way and is entitled to the same rights that every woman ought to have, and also that a person in a sexual minority should be allowed to live without social ostracism, and not be deprived of gainful employment." But tennis, as she said later, is also "my game." The tennis fixation occupies an emotional place second only to the transsexual urge. Both are deeply engrained. When Richards' father—also a physician (her mother, a psychiatrist, died in 1961)—saw her for the first time "as a woman," the subject was, as it always had been, tennis.

"He's a real macho guy," she said of her father, "a big bear. I had an intuition he'd be in the stands that day, and he was. We were close, but we always dodged the sexual issue. After the match, he came over and said just what I knew he would: 'You don't get down to hit those low balls,' and 'Throw the ball up higher when you serve.'"

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO CHOPLIN/BLACK STAR

The talk is tennis: after a New Jersey match, Richards chats with a young opponent. When Renee's father dropped by, he counseled her on her serve.

To smooth the way in her new world, Richards travels with a public relations agent, a slightly unbelievable Southern Californian named Dave Buffum, who describes himself as director of "a private clinic and an educational foundation." Buffum's brash disingenuousness grates against Richards' gentle sincerity. During the morning I spent with Richards in her hotel, Buffum flew into violent telephone tantrums in a corner of the room, disrupting our conversation with noisy threats and obscenities over some snafu in scheduling a tennis match. Richards sat quietly, waited out the torrent of abuse Buffum was dishing over the receiver and asked him gently but firmly to take his calls in another room.

The publicity Richards generates wherever she goes says as much about the gossipers as the gossipee. Just her existence as a changeling raises prickly questions of identity, of masculinity and femininity, of body and soul—so sensational because they are so confounding and, in a sense, threatening. Some people have always chosen extraordinary sexual styles, manners and affects. But gender was never something to pick and choose, like items on a supermarket shelf. Even after Christine Jorgensen and Jan Morris—two of the very small number of transsexuals who have "become open"—gender remains one of the immutables of existence. As Richards learned soon enough, society still needs to cling to some test that will "prove" it is impossible to change sex in midstream.

Renee Richards presents herself as a living contradiction of that proposition that gender is parceled out one-to-a-customer at birth and cannot be traded in thereafter for an exciting new model. "I've known I was a transsexual ever since I was an infant," she insists. "I've had an absolutely overwhelming desire to become the woman I felt I am. It's a kind of emotional malignancy—not a disease, of course—but the desire grows and grows and there's no stopping it. I tried for years and years and years to deny it. I tried to grow a beard. I joined the Navy. I tried psychoanalysis, marriage, having a child—all kinds of male endeavors."

Some of those attempts worked for a while to distract or deflect the transsexual urge, but in time the obsession won. "If a person is a true transsexual," Richards said firmly, "and if he or

she has the wherewithal to do it—the money and the knowledge—they'll eventually have the surgery, no matter how hard they may have tried to avoid it."

Like many children with less exotic sexual ambivalence, Dick dealt with his doubts by overcompensation. He accepted his father's compulsive tennis instruction and used his early sports prowess for entree into the community of male athletes. A classmate from Horace Mann High School in New York, who also was a New Hampshire summer camp-mate, remembers young Dick as "very graceful, but not effeminate, an average kind of guy—except that he had the only big-game tennis serve at Camp Moosilauke." Raskind went on to Yale, dated the prettiest New Haven girls, then did his medical school stint in Rochester, N.Y. Later, he served in a Naval hospital, taught at Cornell Medical School and earned a national reputation as an expert on the surgical correction of cross-eyes in children.

From time to time, the "malignant" compulsion to become the woman he felt he was almost overtook Dick. In 1967 he flew to Casablanca for "the operation" but recoiled at the filthy hospital conditions and the lack of postoperative care. He came back depressed and despairing of relief. It was then that he met Barbara, a generation younger and, everyone agrees, singularly beautiful. They eventually married.

"Dick and Barbara were mirror images of each other," Renee said, speaking of her earlier self in a curious grammatical form which might be called the Third Person Distant. Her bibliography as well as her liftstyle had to conform to the grammar: During the transition period, she "collaborated" with Dick. Her curriculum vitae lists eight learned publications authored by Raskind, R.H.; the ninth and tenth are by Raskind, R.H. and Richards, Renee. Now the collaboration is ended and she can publish all by herself. "Dick" was obviously absent from the hotel room where Renee and I talked about his life with Barbara; Renee seemed to refer to him as to a cousin of whom she was fond, but whom she rarely saw—anymore.

"Dick was a pretty man at that time—that is, a very good looking man," she continued, catching herself and smiling slightly. No immodesty there: after all, Dick was somebody else, somewhere else. "There was instant rapport."

Whatever it was, it did not last very long. Dick was on his way to becoming Renee, and Barbara gave up hope of keeping her husband a man. A somewhat waspish acquaintance was less charitable in describing the end of the marriage: "Dick wasn't interested. Barbara was pleasant, terribly attractive, but hardly able to cope with the grocery shopping much less transsexualism." Shortly after the birth of their son, Nicki, Dick began the long process of medical treatments and psychological preparations which climaxed in the sex-reassignment surgery, and the couple separated.

As a physician and surgeon, Raskind knew the difficulties and risks of the entire transsexual procedure. Most clinics and attending doctors require the prospective surgical patient to undergo years of hormone treatment before any irreversible cutting is done. At the same time, the patient customarily "transvests"—cross-dresses and assumes the mannerisms and habits of the desired sexual identity.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL PRESS/PICTORIAL PARADE

The pioneer nears 50: Richards' polite reception contrasts with that accorded Christine Jorgensen, the first transsexual, who was seen as a freak.

For Raskind, it was an elaborate charade. At first he was Dick by day and went in "drag" as Renee after office hours. Later, when the estrogen hormones began enlarging his breasts and shifting his shape, it was Renee who donned male drag for work, complete with a man's wig and conservative suits. Raskind's colleagues noticed a certain rise in the pitch of his voice (actually, an acquired talent and not the result of the estrogen) and the changes in his figure. Never guessing what he was going through, they postulated that he had cancer of the larynx and was taking hormones for treatment.

Estrogen does not usually remove a man's beard or body hair, so electrolysis is invariably a painful necessity for male transsexuals. The female hormone does increase breast size (and some enlargement remains even if treatment is stopped), but silicone implants are sometimes added. Estrogen causes impotence in the male; and it must be used for the rest of the transsexual's life to maintain a "female" body shape.

The operation—actually, several surgical procedures often performed in two or three separate sessions—took place for Raskind in early August 1975. The surgeon was Dr. Roberto Granato, a well-known specialist in the gender-identity subculture. He is said to have some 200 sex-reassignments in his credits.

Renee doesn't talk about the clinical details of her surgery, but in the typical case of the male transsexual, castration comes first. The testes are removed, but the empty scrotum is left in place; it will later form the lips of the new vagina, the *labia majora* and *minora*. The penis is also removed, but its skin is used to fashion the lining of a vagina that will be sensitive to erotic stimulation. The prostate is usually removed as well, and the urethra is shortened and redirected to allow sit-down urination. Sometimes a "cosmetic" clitoris is added as an aesthetic last touch. Naturally, the reproductive organs cannot be rebuilt to function "normally," although a uterine transplant may someday be possible. But like the cosmetic clitoris, it too would serve to reinforce the "feeling" of womanhood rather than the function. The medical process does not stop with the operation. When she is discharged from the hospital, a post-surgical male-to-female transsexual is fitted with a dilator which must be inserted often to keep the refashioned vagina from closing. And hormone therapy must continue indefinitely—despite the possibility of cancer risk in older "women" (there are, as one would guess, no studies of the effect of estrogens on older transsexuals).

The female-to-male operation is much more difficult, therefore more expensive and, possibly for that reason, more rare. A hysterectomy is performed, the penis is constructed with skin and bone grafts and a cosmetic scrotum is fashioned with fake testes. The new penis is not erotically sensitive and does not become erect with stimulation; a prosthesis must be used to accomplish insertion in intercourse. Born-again males can achieve orgasm via their clitoris, a remnant from their female days which is retained in surgery and enlarged

by male hormones. The new females, however, can usually achieve orgasm with their new vaginas.

The surgical plumbing is the only aspect of the transsexual phenomenon about which there is some scientific agreement. The causes, significance and even the definition of transsexualism lurk in the greyest of areas. The exact place of transsexualism on the spectrum of sexual orientations has never been fixed. Renee Richards says she always knew she was a transsexual and not a homosexual, but the distinction is based on subjective fantasies and cannot be objectively described.

"*I* always knew the difference between the two," she said with a trace of disapproval for another minority. Deborah Feinbloom, author of one of the best descriptive texts on the murky subject, *Transvestites & Transsexuals: Mixed Views*, explains that male-to-female transsexuals usually entertain sexual fantasies in which they are women—making love to men. Homosexual males, on the other hand, are generally quite clear that they are men—making love to other men. Or maybe it's on the same hand. "How clear is it that subjective fantasies make the difference?" a psychiatrist who used to work with Dick Raskind asked. Objectively, Dick was a man attracted to other men; subjectively, he was a woman attracted to men. Some psychologists would say that the transsexual fantasy is simply an elliptical transformation of the homosexual impulse, but perhaps the subjective reality is sufficient in itself to constitute a sexual category. Difference or not, transsexuals are compelled to make extraordinary mutilations of their body to act out their fantasies—which in itself is different from most other sexual orientations.

The situation is further complicated—perhaps hopelessly—when some male-to-female transsexuals go through the medical rigamarole to become lesbians to be women loving women; but as yet there are no reliable reports of women becoming homosexual males. There is, of course, the distinct phenomenon of transvestism — men dressing as women (almost never the other way around, for unfathomed reasons). Transvestites may be transsexuals: indeed, all transsexuals are transvestites at some point. Transvestites may be gay or straight—and those two groups are generally hostile to each other, in one degree or another. At the end, the mind boggles at the possible combinations and permutations of sexual styles, and the vocabulary is scarcely adequate to deal with all the concepts.

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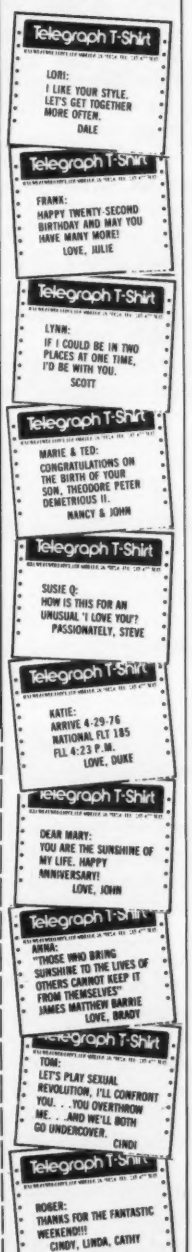
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One thing, however, is coming clear as more transsexuals "become open": there are many more "preoperative" transsexuals than anyone had imagined, and there is evidence that they turn up with similar frequency in every culture and society. Deborah Feinbloom believes that a clinic such as the one in New York where Dr. Granato reassigned Renee Richards "does two operations a week." There are 40-odd gender identity clinics in the U.S., and 20 hospitals where surgery is regularly performed. Richards says there are 3,000 operated transsexuals and perhaps 10,000 preoperatives who would have surgery if they could.

Drag, hormones, electrolysis and plastic surgery do not make a man into a woman, or vice versa. Neither are there any single tests which alone can prove one's gender. There are various clinical tests, but none is entirely adequate. For instance, the vaunted chromosome test, which counts "Barrbodies" in cells scraped from inside a subject's cheek, makes so many mistakes that it cannot be used for U.S. legal purposes. (One European woman who was found to have too many "male" chromosomes and was barred from Olympic competition asked the attending officials, "What should my children call me now? Pop?") Not even the presence of one or another organ definitely establishes gender. A woman was booted from sports competition because she had testes—even though they did not function to give her "male" characteristics. So arbitrary is sex assignment in some cases that babies born with "extra" organs are surgically limited to whichever gender their physicians find medically convenient or their parents deem socially agreeable. One male baby who suffered accidental surgical damage to his penis during circumcision was simply molded into a female.

For most purposes, Renee Richards is a woman. Her driver's license is stamped "F" in the proper place, her medical papers have been appropriately changed, she is eligible for lower insurance rates on the basis of the extended life expectancy of a woman in the actuarial tables. She has the same genitalia and urological equipment as most other women. She does not ovulate or menstruate, and she cannot conceive offspring; neither can millions of women, for one reason or another.

We know the difference between men and women by the thousands of little signs and signals they send out in normal behavior. If gender matters at all in everyday social intercourse, it is usually because the signs are given a special weight. Gentlemen open doors for ladies not because the females have a certain preponderance of XX chromosomes or functioning fallopian tubes, but because they relate to chivalric men in a certain obedient, appreciative way. Not the least irony in the transsexual phenomenon is that many male-to-female reassignees feel they must exaggerate the silliest signals of femininity to reinforce their self-image. Renee Richards studied and assumed the attributes of what she calls "sexually labeled behavior" simply to be taken for a woman—at a time in the history of sexual mores when many women are struggling to remove the same oppressive labels. In our morning's conversation in Manhattan, she seemed to be concentrating intently on the details of the feminine manner. Once, she crossed her legs in the "masculine" style, with one ankle on another knee—like a male tennis player in the locker room; then she quickly and gracefully slid into the "feminine" fashion of one knee cupped inside the other. I saw the confusion of motions, and she saw me seeing it. There are limits to the game.

Renee may not be a complete "success" as a woman; there will always be something unfinished about her, a sense of neither-nor, a bionic unreality. But there must have been the same sense about Dick

The *event* of Renee Richards is another jolt in the awakening sexual consciousness of Americans, but while it has liberating effects, it is not necessarily an act of liberation. A less "sexually labeled" society might not correlate genitalia with identity, nor manner with being. We are not, after all, what's between our legs (or what we do with it), nor how we cross our legs. The use of sexual categories for sports seems poised for passing, too: not because men and women are always the same, but because there are other categories that make more sense than sex in specific instances. There are women who are older, taller, heavier and less "femininely" proportioned than Richards playing tennis. Why is sex the common category? The outrage over Richards' entrance into the women's rankings seems to have less to do with any possible defilement of the flower of feminine athletics than with the threat to the process of categorization she poses.

Renee may not be a complete "success" as a woman; there will always be something unfinished about her, a sense of neither-nor, a bionic unreality. But there must have been the same sense about Dick. America is not yet ready for de-labeling. But the changes are rapid. A quarter of a century ago, Christine Jorgensen—the first "open" transsexual—was universally regarded as a freak. The New York tabloids exploited her, the *New York Times* practically ignored her: "Bronx Boy Is Now A Girl" deserved five paragraphs buried on page 18. A few months later, the second Kinsey study was published; it was banned by the U.S. Army in Europe, and because of the furor the Illinois state library system banned all 8,000 books on sexual topics from its shelves. The *Times* index devoted three inches of one column to the heading "Sex" in 1952.

Renee Richards now rates daily stories in the newspapers and sympathetic treatment in the weeklies. Most of her mail is unqualifiedly supportive. The *Times* index has a full page under "Sex," and a dozen subheadings to boot.

A more complete change may come too late to let Renee Richards merge back into society as a woman, as she once wanted. She is already too much a part of the process and not simply its victim. For what is finally fascinating about her is the way in which her story becomes a metaphor for America right now: the sexual ambiguity, the identity crisis, the instant renewal, the complete retooling, the self-absorption. No Viennese psyche-searching or Oriental mind-meditating accomplished her changes. Her method was technological: pills and plastic surgery—and her route led through the media. And when it was done, she followed the rest of America on the road to rebirth—to the Southern California sunbelt.

When the cheering and leering stop (and when she is really too old to play tournament tennis), she may still feel at home on the beach, with the rest of bionic America. By then the status situation for sexual minorities may be so skewed that no one will care about the differences. She ought to fare better than Christine Jorgensen. That old pioneer is now dragging 50, she's worried about her estrogen dosage and she finds little comfort in the fame of those who followed her trail through the sexual wilderness. "All in all," she told a friend not long ago, "I've got all the problems of a middle-aged woman, along with all the problems of a middle-aged man." ●

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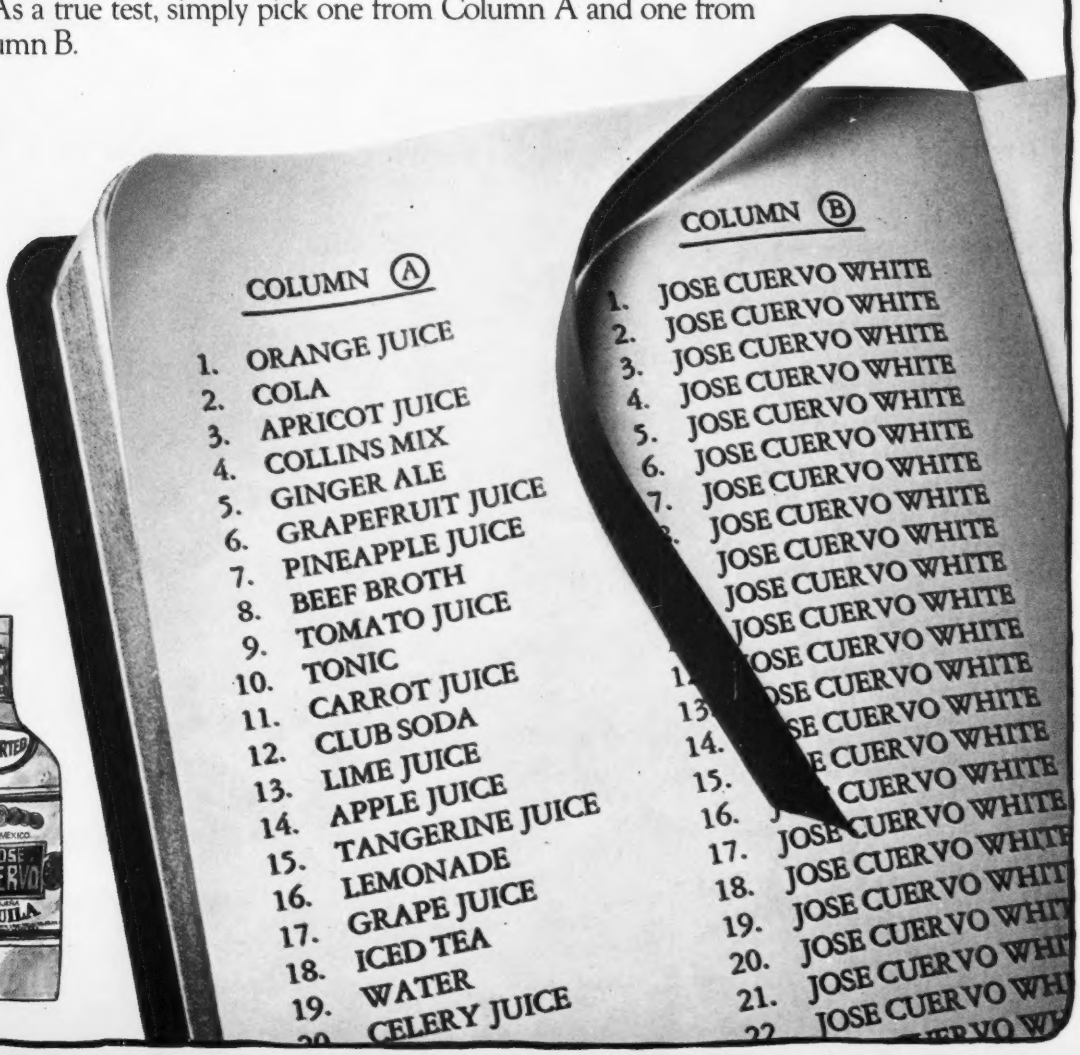

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At the Telluride Invitational competition, 12,000 feet up, 53 of the world's best pilots jumped off a mountain peak and into the cold blue air. "Once you've enjoyed the freedom of flying like a bird," says a champion, "there's no way to turn your back on it"

Hang Gliding

By Roger Neville Williams

They stand shimmering on the ridge line awaiting takeoff, 18-foot batten wings cocked at every angle. With their wire trusses, aluminum tubes and graceful Dacron flying surfaces, they appear as a cross between a Buckminster Fuller dream and a prehistoric bird: space age pterodactyls, Mesozoic birdmen, each a modern Daedalus or Icarus bringing mankind's oldest dream to life. They are hang gliders and their pilots, a magic union of aluminum and bone, Dacron and flesh, slide rule aerodynamics and the mystical human brain. As one, they fly like no human has ever flown before.

At the Telluride Hang Glider Invitational in late August, attended by the world's 53 best pilots, they flew as high as 19,000 feet in the cold blue air of the Rockies, breaking by 5,000 feet all altitude ascent records for foot-launched flight. It was a dream beyond dreams: a human being holding a pair of 46-pound ultralight wings, jumping from a 12,000-foot peak and ascending 2¼ vertical miles over the valley below, climbing 7,000 feet above the launch point toward the bright Colorado sun. And their wings didn't melt.

It had never been done before, and Phil Warrender and Jack Franklin and their Sunbird Stratos were ecstatic as they watched their altimeters tick off 400 feet a minute. To the earthbound, they were but small but-

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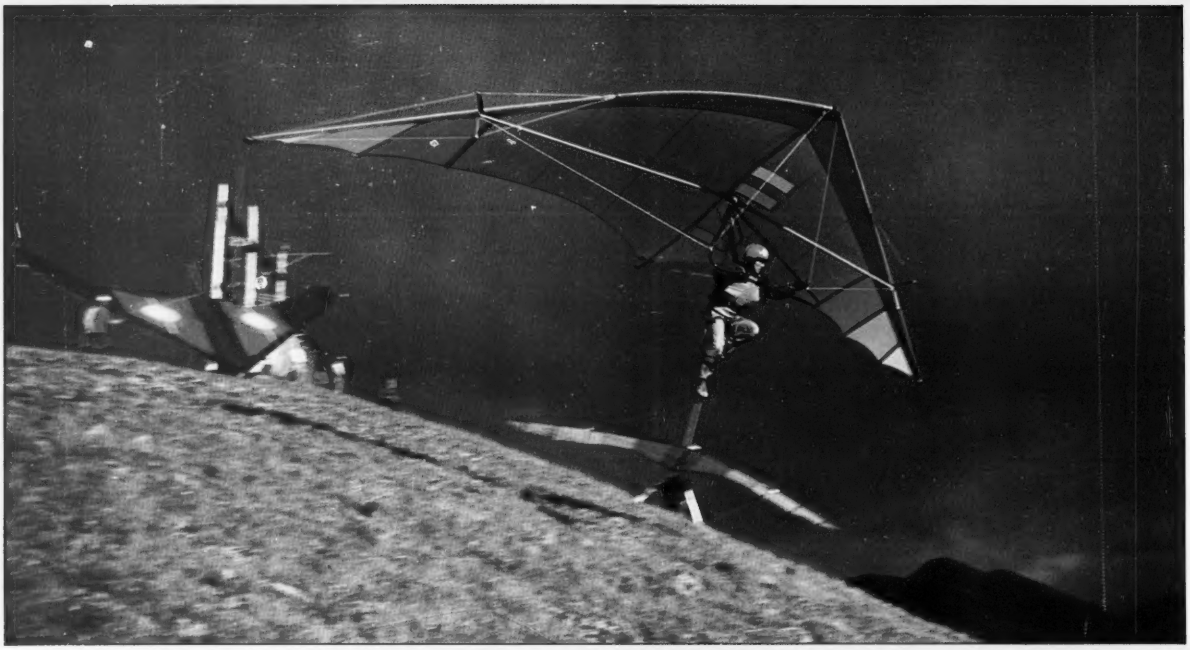

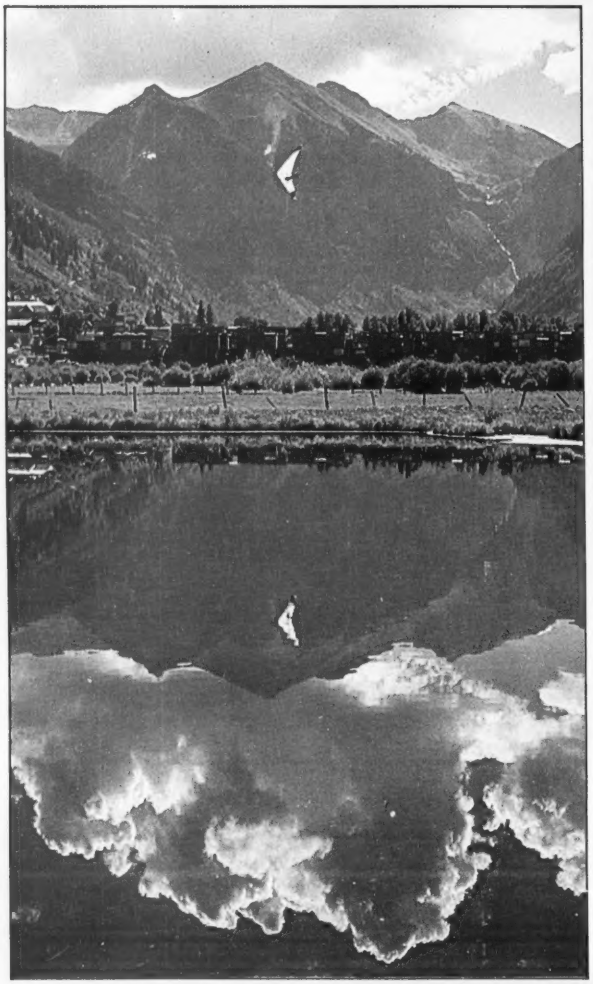

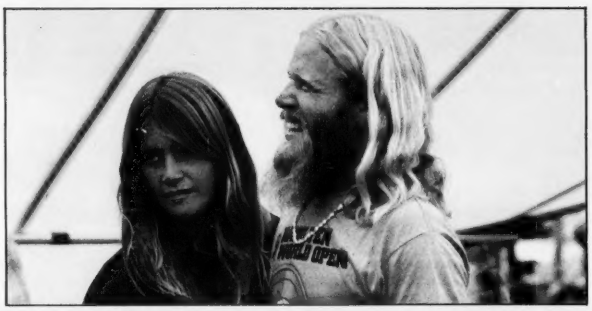

Inspired by the beauty of it all, the author (middle right, in the grey sweater) is about to try his luck with a tandem glider. Lower right: Linda Tracy, one of the few women in the sport, confers with meet winner Barry Gordon.

terflies on a summer's day, at times barely visible. After "coring a thermal" for two hours, they found some "sink air" and descended to Mill Creek, the site of the annual hang glider competition in Telluride's San Miguel Valley. "We could have stayed up much longer and gone a lot higher, but it got too cold," said Warrender, a pensive, thickly bearded Los Angeles photographer who flies for fun.

The rest of the avian spirits gathered at this countercultural resort and Victorian mining town in southwestern Colorado were flying for factory teams, competing for money and points. Competition may seem anathema to the concept of free flight, but a professional hang glider pilot has to live, and meets such as this one hosted by the Telluride Air Force (local hang glider pilots) and the Chamber of Commerce give manufacturers a chance to compare their rapidly evolving flying machines. There are no patents and no secrets. A hang gliding "competition" is in fact an intense kind of spiritual and pragmatic sharing. These are the pioneers of the world's most exciting new sport, a mellow fraternity of energetic people who are also the *survivors* of one of the most dangerous undertakings of man: to fly with a pair of wings strapped to the shoulders. Among them were young Leonardos, daredevil designers like Tom Peghiny of Newton, Massachusetts, who flew his prototype Merlin for Sky Sports, the company of which he is vice-president.

At 20, Tom Peghiny is one of the Grand Old Men of hang gliding, but too young for me to buy him a drink at the Sheridan Bar. Colorado is one of those states where the police and lawmakers are terrified of what a person under 21 might do on hard liquor (so they do it on drugs). Said Peghiny, bemused, "In Massachusetts I'm a real person, but not here." He was real enough in the air, however, and flies best sober, I'm sure. The winner of 22 hang glider contests in the U.S., Mexico, Europe and South Africa explains: "I was 13 when I saw a picture in the paper of men flying bamboo and plastic gliders, so I tried to make one. And it worked. My junior high metal-shop teacher helped me. I was always obsessed with flying and used to build radio-controlled model airplanes. I always wanted to build a big model and jump off a cliff with it." Peghiny began designing kites in high school with the backing of a small parachute company. One of aviation's true pioneers, he was his own test pilot and applied the principles of scientific observation to what he assumed was a perfectly natural endeavor: to fly like a bird. "I watched birds. They've got it," he says with simple eloquence. He can use a slide rule, of course, but, for Peghiny, "mathematical shapes follow art instead of the other way around. I base my designs on aesthetics."

Peghiny recalls his best flight: "It was off Cape Cod. I launched alone, barefoot, no shirt and flew for five hours and landed with no one watching me or asking questions, folded up my kite and went away."

By 17, Peghiny had his delta-wing Lark in production. That was 1973, the dark ages of hang gliding, which he refers to as "the old days." He says, "The first production gliders were dinosaurs by today's standards. Last year when I came to Telluride, my wings had a 4 to 1 glide ratio. Now I've got 8 to 1 and there are kites that claim 10 to 1. The design breakthroughs in the last year and a half have been incredible." Humbly, he is including his own, and the "wings" he speaks of look exactly like a gull's, rendering obsolete the delta "Rogallo Wing" of two years ago.

It is Francis Rogallo who has been credited with inventing an efficient, V-shaped, sail-like gliding wing while working for the Langley Research Center at Hampton, Virginia. He patented his flexible delta-wing kite in 1953, but continued improving on its design when NASA took over the Langley Center and looked to gliding vehicles as a way of bringing space capsules back to earth. The effort was abandoned, Rogallo retired to Kitty Hawk and the patent expired in 1968. The first civilian application of the Rogallo wing was water-ski "tow kiting." An Australian named Bill Bennett was crazy for it and improved the delta kite as he flew it behind speed boats in the mid-fifties. By 1969, Bennett's wing could fly without the stabilizing boat tow. He was hang gliding!

So were a handful of Americans in their "Bamboo Bombers," aviation freaks who subscribed to the NASA newsletter and built backyard Rogallo kites with bamboo poles and plastic sheeting and found, to their delight and terror, that they flew. One of those was Roy Haggard, 20, chief designer for Ultralite Products, the team winner at Telluride. Haggard, last year's world hang gliding champion, says, "I built my first hang glider at 17 with instructions I got over the phone. It cost $13. There were only 12 people in those days building hang gliders in California." By "those days" he means 1971, five years ago. Haggard flew his flimsy bamboo kite to 800 feet. He then designed the sophisticated Dragonfly hang glider, with the latest model now in its second year of production, invented the truncated wingtip that, with battens and a scalloped trailing edge, gives the wing its bird-like appearance. He also pioneered the dihedral swept-wing configuration which most glider builders have subsequently copied. All that at 18.

"I tried to quit," he says. "There have been some heavy losses at this sport and lots of cripples. But once you've enjoyed the freedom of flying like a bird, there's no way to turn your back on it." Haggard, an intense, angular youth with long blond hair, has no university education and says it would be "non-applicable" to hang glider design. Like Peghiny, Haggard believes "professional aircraft designers can't do it" and when they try they come up with heavy, 100-pound gliders that barely fly, like the "American Eagle" featured in *Scientific American*.

The inventor of the first pitch-stable kite is Mike Riggs, 30, president of Seagull Aircraft. With a unique curved leading edge and drooping nose, Riggs' kite resembles the supersonic Concorde. But he is only concerned with low-speed aerodynamics, which he studied at the Northrop Institute following two tours as a helicopter pilot in Vietnam. "This is a valid branch of aerodynamics," he says, explaining that research in the field ended when the Wright Brothers put a 13-horse engine on their third glider, the *Flyer*. Hang gliding was halted for half a century.

Although hang gliding goes back to the early 1800s, when Sir George Cayley, Otto Lilienthal and Octave Chanute made thousands of successful flights in their primitive wood and cloth gliders, it was not until man stepped on the moon that human winged flight became a possibility—and a reality. Struck with the irony, I kept asking all week: Why now, why did it take until the early seventies for hang gliding to come into its own? There are no real answers, but Tom Peghiny put it this way, "We're overcome by technology, and people are going back to man-prominent sports: surfing, bicycling, sky diving, scuba diving, backpacking and now hang gliding. This is the last realm." The technology has been there all along, so why couldn't people fly like birds before now? "There have been scalpels around for a long time," he said. "Why couldn't we do

A free-lance writer based in Telluride, Roger Neville Williams' last piece for NEW TIMES *was on a narcotics frame-up in the Colorado town.*

brain surgery? Hang gliding is definitely a space age sport."

Da Vinci would have been proud. Although his machine, "Ornithopter," built of starched linen, leather joints and thongs of raw silk, never got off the ground other than to crash into it from a cliff, breaking his assistant Antonio's leg in 1500, Leonardo had the right idea. The Phoenixs, Seagulls, Eippers, Sun Sails, Electra Flyers, Albatrosses, Mantas, Wills Wings, Sunbirds, Pliable Mooses, Cal Gliders and Pacific Gull Alpines at the Telluride Invitational all bore a striking resemblance to the original da Vinci sketch of batten and membrane wings for man.

Telluriders and tourists stood in the street craning necks upward as the sky filled with the huge colored bats, emerging one by one over the pine-covered ridge. Slowly, silently, all week they came, swept-wing deerflies that moved effortlessly out across the valley from their takeoff point atop the Telluride Ski Area, 3,200 feet above the town. Traffic stopped. And when the birdmen landed, bursts of applause from awed sky watchers rolled across the meadows. They flew through rain and rainbows and danced their shadows against Telluride's majestic mountains. They skimmed the disbelieving crowds with a sibilant rush of wind over their wings, bodies arched and prone in Superman pose. Supermen they are, a breed like no other. They are not crazy, any more than a bird is crazy. I found the pilots to be introspective, witty, serious, intelligent, careful—"conservative" is their favorite word—with an ineffable spirit that seemed to transcend the rest of us wingless mortals. These people can fly!

There was Barry Gordon, 29, winner of the meet in his Electra Flyer, father, Vietnam veteran, with a master's in fine arts and no fixed address. He looks exactly like the pictures of Jesus that hang on Sunday school walls (no reason why the Second Coming can't be on a hang glider). "This is the highest time I've ever had," he said, speaking quietly to a roomful of jubilant pilots at the awards ceremony at the Telluride Lodge. Like most of the fliers, Gordon has logged hundreds of hours in a hang glider.

Burke Ewing III, 21, from Santa Ana, was second to place. Burke was always bull's-eye on the target and was immediately met upon landing by his dog, Curtis, a 55-pound German shepherd with a "pilot" tag around his neck who hobbled out on the field, bummed out that he missed a flight. Curtis has 50 hours in the air with Burke in his own trapeze harness. Burke had to take Curtis flying because he was always running after him as he took off, falling off cliffs and breaking legs, which are now full of steel pins.

Keith Nichols, 33, 1976 National Champion, Open Class, is a super-hippie with a tent of frizzed hair and a leather sun visor. He is easy-going, quick to smile and a very safe pilot who has watched too many friends fall from the sky, "some explainable, some not." (One hundred and eleven people have been killed at this sport so far, not too bad a record considering the hundreds of thousands of flights and the hours logged, or compared to the huge number of experimenters that died in early aviation. The sport could be described as much "safer" than flying jetliners, which can wipe out hundreds of people in a single crash, or cars, which kill about 45,000 Americans a year.) "These are the best pilots in the world," he tells me. "They're good because they're conservative." Nichols got into hang gliding after seeing a picture of an experimental kite in *National Geographic*. "I was attracted to the aesthetic beauty behind

When starting, the rule is "Never fly higher than you care to fall"

free flight," says the former Navy flier. "For me there is an indescribable surge in the emotive system. I get this flush through my body. But I don't like to take chances. You can get killed doing this." He says when he started, the rule was: "Never fly higher than you care to fall." Now he flies from Yosemite's Glacier Point, a sheer 3,000 feet above the valley floor. "This is definitely not a thrill sport," he says. "It can have a meditative effect on a pilot. It pleases me immensely."

There was Parker McGrady, 16 years old, who was sucked by a cumulus to 16,500 feet over Telluride, and Dennis Burton, who recounted his hot-air balloon flight last year in California. His kite was suspended beneath the basket until he released at 26,000 feet for a 45-minute "sled ride" to the desert near Barstow, setting the high altitude record for hang gliders. "I could watch 747s on their approach path to L.A. flying far below me," he recalls. There was Jack Martin in his Wind Gypsy and Michael Pope in his Moose, both of whom nearly disappeared into the grey-black turbulence of a terrifying mountain thunderstorm. Their flights were two of the most exciting ever witnessed by earthlings; for them it was sheer terror. Pope's kite did an aerial flip in the strong, buffeting winds at 14,000 feet, and he said later he kissed the earth when he landed five miles down valley.

One of the Telluride events was the cross country free flying, the first of its kind. Trip Mellinger, vice-president of Bill Bennett's Delta-Wing Kites in Van Nuys, fresh from his July 8 cross country distance record of 47.5 miles in the Sierras, says he expects to see 100-mile distance records set soon, "as skill levels and kite capability increase." Mellinger says he thinks hang gliding will become a publicly accepted sport and that more sail plane pilots will switch over in the future. Mike Riggs feels hang gliding will bring soaring to the masses. There are at least 20,000 rated pilots in the U.S. today, and more than 40,000 production kites have been sold. The problem for the consumer is that by the time the ordered kite arrives, it's almost obsolete. Popular soaring spots include Sugarloaf Ski Area in Maine, Lookout Mountain in Hamilton, Tennessee, Sandia Peak near Albuquerque, the Waimanalo ridge in Hawaii, Telluride, Colorado, and, of course, the Pacific Coast cliffs of California, such as Torrey Pines. These are regulated sites, and no one is allowed to fly whose United States Hang Gliding Association pilot rating does not correspond to the difficulty of the launch site.

Probably the most spectacular hang glider flight to date was from the top of Alaska's 20,320-foot Mt. McKinley last June. Robert Burns, Ken Hudson and Ed Kvalvik soared their Mark II Dragonflies 14,000 feet to the glaciers below. No one was hurt, but seven climbers, members of various mountaineering expeditions on the mountain, died during the period the hang gliders were camped on America's highest peak.

Despite the lessening risk, the question is still safety. It came up the first day of the Telluride meet when the weather was really "cooking," as the pilots say, and the sky was alive with multicolored kites. Suddenly, over the Coonskin ski run, a glider did a wingover and collapsed, rotating and fluttering to earth a thousand feet below and crashing into the Aspens like a downed pheasant. The town collectively gasped as four-wheel-drive pickups raced up the fire roads in search of the victim. I joined the rescue, having witnessed the fall, and expected to come upon the battered pulp of a body, but instead found Bob Van Waggoner of Aspen walking around in the woods looking as if nothing had

happened. He had a bruised arm. His unstable Sun Swift, mangled beyond recognition, was a victim of structural failure and poor design. It was the second time that model kite had fallen out of the air. The Hang Glider Manufacturers Association (HGMA) banned it on the spot. Structural and design failure is rare. It is lack of judgment that kills and maims.

"All it takes to be safe in hang gliding is to take responsibility for your own actions," says Roy Haggard. "Luck isn't part of it. It's care, maintenance, good judgment and safe design." Phil Warrender says, "This sport has had a terrible infancy, but now we have schools and instructors certified by the USHGA and a pilot rating program. We're going toward more self-regulation. Now pilots are not daredevils, but you had to be when we started. I flew six months before I learned how to turn! Now you learn that the first day." Dennis Burton, who runs a school in Canoga Park, California, says, "I tell students you can kill yourself at this. I figure if I can talk someone out of doing it, I've saved a life. Those who really want to go on will probably become good pilots." Four hundred people went through Roy Haggard's school. After two lessons, eight people took out business licenses to open their own schools. But those days are over. Says Keith Nichols, "No reputable dealer will just sell you a glider, 'cause you're going to kill yourself. You have to approach the sport slowly and cautiously with reputable certified instructors." The HGMA, which met at Telluride, has decided to improve quality control and clamp down completely on hardware store equipment, and to approach the FAA with its latest safety rules before the FAA draws up its own (the FAA currently has set a 500-feet maximum flying altitude on the sport). The almost manic concern with safety stems from the fact that nearly all the pilots at Telluride had seen one or more of their friends killed. Tracy Knauss, the meet stewart and editor of *Glider Rider* newspaper, says, "A lot of guys didn't know what would work and what would fly, and they paid for it with their lives."

Linda Tracy, 24, one of the few women in the sport, watched her friend Jerry Cox fall out of his harness in Hawaii in May. But she isn't deterred from the sport, at which she excels. Like most fliers, she has had her share of crash landings, and once broke her arm. She is the first woman to fly from the top of Maui's 10,025-foot Haleakala crater, and was turned on to hang gliding while selling ice cream at the 1975 Telluride world

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The Claretians

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championships, where she made enough money dishing out cones to buy a glider and move to Oahu's Waimanalo. Now she soars the spectacular thousand-foot cliffs where the trade winds allow gliders to stay aloft literally for as long as they like (the record is over 24 hours). Linda Tracy doesn't know why more women aren't hang gliding, since "it doesn't take any more strength." Expert pilot Robin Skinner of San Diego gives her explanation: "You have to be physically aggressive to launch. You have to take command of yourself and your kite and then take command of the world around you. The capacity for physical aggression in our society is more developed among males than females, and women tend to be timid with the kite, which results in failure and discouragement." Linda Tracy says there are ten women flying in Hawaii: "I like flying with other ladies best. You can get ridge lift at Waimanalo and just fly all day. We fly with headphones and tape decks, getting bounced around to Leon Russell."

"Hang gliding is only dangerous if you think it's safe," Pacific Gull team pilot David Bailey told me. He recently returned from several years in Nepal and Southeast Asia, and his dream is to fly off Everest. I told David I was covering the meet. He said I shouldn't write about something I hadn't tried. His team colleague, David Beardslee, had a tandem kite, specially built with greater sail area, with double harness and an extra-wide control bar. Beardslee had taken 200 people tandem, he said, without incident, other than people being unable to sleep for two days afterward as they stared wide-eyed at the ceiling, stunned with wonderment at what they had done. David suggested I try it. We drank some more and he told me more stories of when he lived on Bali, but I was barely listening.

Until that moment, hang gliding had been nothing more to me than a safe spectator sport. Its vicarious thrills satisfied the desire for free flight. I had watched the Telluride Air Force over the past year, driving the truck for them to the top of the ski area up a road scary enough to make even mountain lovers momentarily wish they lived in Kansas. The first time I saw Clint Wolf, the local lumber yard owner and former GE jet engineer from Cincinnati, fly off the 12,000-foot summit of a perfectly good mountain, I stood there stunned and transfixed. As he soared across the tree tops and out over the valley, which fell away thousands of feet beneath him, I was amazed and uncomprehending, like a New Guinea native who has seen his first helicopter. But I never gave any thought to doing it myself. It was for crazy people who didn't value human life and had to live at the edge to feel alive, whereas I got off on books, fine wines, good cigars and quiet hikes in the high country. But Clint isn't crazy. He's a father of two, a businessman and a local wit. Then there's the bakery owner, Jim Lincoln, ex-commercial pilot turned hang glider. He's not crazy. And Don Dusatko, the town plumber, also a father. His apprentices fly with him. The Telluride Air Force has had no accidents. (Last year a visiting pilot whom no one knew flew stoned and without permission over town, went into a dive and splattered himself on a resident's chimney.) No crazies here. Family men. Businessmen. But more alive than the rest, I began to think. Or had living in the Rockies at 9,000 feet damaged their brain cells.

That primal urge to fly was returning, even though I was a slightly overweight 33 and jaded enough from world-

"This is definitely not a thrill sport," says one glider. "It can have a meditative effect on a pilot"

wide mountaineering, sailing and motorcycling to leave this sport alone. I was born 15 years too late for hang gliding. *But the urge was still there.* Through a veil of Coor's and the rattle in my head of ever-louder Waylon Jennings on the jukebox, I recalled solo flights in a ridiculous yellow Aeronca at age 17 over the hills of eastern Ohio. There was the pathetic attempt to build a "gyrocopter," a one-man, auto-towed helicopter. I realized that had hang gliding existed when I was a teenager—who had wanted nothing so much as to fly like a bird—I would have devoted my younger years to it. Now it was too late. Let it be.

But here was David Bailey, my age, knowing nothing about design and engineering and caring less (he has a master's in psychology, a dubious background for a professional hang glider pilot), who became an expert flier after *one year.* "It's never too late," he said. "Beardslee can take you tandem."

I went to look for Beardslee.

I watched him fly and he is good. I liked Beardslee, with his great bushy beard and two English sheep dogs who lived with him in his Ford Pinto with the cocoon of folded kites on top. His eyes are steady, his voice calm. As a private instructor for Pacific Gull, he taught people to fly by taking them in his tandem rig, at much lower altitudes however. He took a reporter on a flight at the Dog Mountain nationals in Washington last July.

"I'll go," I said.

Beardslee said he'd take me off the top, pointing to the 12,000-foot peak 3,200 feet above us. No one had ever flown that mountain tandem, save for a professional pilot and his wife the day before who had flown tandem many times together. They made it. We would be the second.

At the top that evening, as I looked at the 13,000- and 14,000-foot peaks around us and the deep valleys and canyons below, I forgot about floating and thought about falling. The photographer thought I was crazy. I convinced us both it was safe. He said he's been up there 100 times and, "it's *always* a lot higher than you remember it." I said, yes, it was a lot higher than I remembered it. The decision had been easy to make on the ground. Beardslee strapped me into my harness and showed me how to hang from the kite as he steadied it on the ground. "Don't touch the control bar and run with me as fast as you can and *don't* hesitate. Keep going until we're airborne."

I said good-bye to everyone.

Eight or nine gliders took off effortlessly into the sunset. Flights were smooth, conditions were good. Only the prospect of soon making the boyhood dream of foot-launched free flight come true kept at bay the numbing fear that threatened to force me to cancel this method of earning my Canadian Club. I was committed, strapped in and ready to go. There was no way out. What if the harness ripped, or the bolt holding it to the kite snapped? There would be nothing between my ulcerating belly and the earth. At least it had been a good life.

"Ready, go!" ordered Beardslee, calmly. We ran down the mountainside, side by side, bent over between the bar, and I thought of nothing but running, running. The harness jerked me off my feet. Suddenly we were airborne! My God, it's *beautiful*—a living fantasy, an edge of reality I had never known. I reached for the bar. We were flying!

Then it happened. We had launched prematurely and nearly stalled in the thin air, catching the right wingtip on the steep slope. Beardslee corrected and put the craft into a dive to gain airspeed, and we were still flying. But we

had turned cross wind and the glider pitched up to the right. Beardslee shouted to push right on the bar.

I knew it was over. Sixty feet above the slope we continued to turn to the right, steeper, sharper, all in very slow motion. There was no sensation, no fear, only the sad realization that, goddamn, we were going to eat this mountain instead of fly across the undulating forests and gentle mesas below us. We ate the mountain.

The crash was thunderous as we plowed head-on into the rocks. Then, quiet—the evening still. Beardslee didn't move, and blood trickled from beneath his helmet. I asked if he was all right. No response. People were running down the mountain toward us. I was amazingly unhurt. The helmet had saved me.

"A few feet further into the flight and we'd be scraping you off the rocks down there," I heard a Texas voice say.

David came around, and his first words were, "Why aren't we flying. We're supposed to be flying?" He was okay and needed only three stitches in his head. But he said over and over, "I don't understand. We should be flying." We weren't, and the kite was demolished, the 1,500-pound test aluminum tubing in the keel and leading edge had snapped like balsa and the cross tube and control bar were bent and twisted. It was Beardslee's first crash after more than 2,000 flights, and no reflection on his skill as a pilot. It was more a question of judgment. For such a high-altitude tandem launch, we needed a strong headwind, at least 10 or 12 knots, and more takeoff speed. Nor had we adequately trained in launch technique, not so critical when launching from low cliffs into a strong sea breeze, but necessary here. "We *were* kinda counting on everything going right," Beardslee said later, calmly.

The moral is that there are safer and saner ways to take up hang gliding than jumping off a 12,000-foot mountain in the Colorado Rockies. There are the soft California, Cape Cod and Lake Michigan sand dunes, for example, and qualified schools.

You have to earn the right to fly.

However, I'll say this. The five seconds we were airborne were among the most exhilarating moments of my life, and I can't wait to try it again. Unless you expect to be reincarnated as a bird, do it. There is simply nothing like hang gliding. It is the highest of highs, the dream of dreams, and the crash did nothing to convince me otherwise. But such rewards do not come easy. Commitment, devotion and common sense are more important than courage and a desire to fly. The line that is drawn between fliers and nonfliers must remain as it is: difficult to cross. ●

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SIMPLE AS abc

It was no easy assignment to pull ABC, the traditional loser, ahead of the other two networks in the ratings race. But with such building blocks as the Fonz, the Bionic Woman and Barbara Walters, supermanager Fred Pierce and creative whirlwind Fred Silverman are constructing a television empire

By Arthur Lubow

Fred Silverman had a problem. At 37 he was hands down the best programmer in the television business, but at CBS he was going nowhere. No one was about to fire him—how could they? he was the best—but no one was promoting him above vice-president, either. At the sleek CBS Black Rock building, where a rose graces every secretary's desk and management approval is required before you hang *anything*, even your wife's photo, in your Saarinen-designed office, Fred was a little *rough*. It's something no one likes to discuss, but he was just a little too. . . Jewish. The network has nothing *against* Jews—Christ, William Paley is Jewish—but if you want to rise at CBS, it helps to know a little something about modern art, to take in a concert now and then, to wear your Paul Stuart suits like you mean it. It does not help to talk through your nose with a Brooklyn twang and lug around a 20-pound beer belly.

Fred Pierce also had a problem—and Silverman was the solution. A few months earlier, in October 1974, on the blackest square of ABC's checkered history, Pierce had taken over as president of ABC Television. He was ready: he had been with the company for 18 years, first in research, learning what the public wanted, and then in sales, making the big deals. "Pierce had formed his own very strong opinions about television," says one ABC insider. "It took him about 20 minutes to decide what had to be done." He had just a few weeks to concoct a new schedule, a lineup that would turn around the disastrous ABC performance in the new season. Amazingly, he did it. Taking advantage of the new "family hour," which banished "mature" (read "violent" or "sex-related") topics from the 8-9 p.m. time slot, Pierce hung his established shows each night on the 9 p.m. clothesline, and tried out kiddie shows in the previous hour. There were a lot of fingers crossed as the new ABC schedule sailed out into the January second season. There were a lot of happy faces when the results came in. Pierce's gambit had worked.

The crisis was over, but enormous problems remained. And as always in network television, the serious problems boiled down to programming. The programming division is the heart of the network, for reasons of simple economics. A network sells three minutes of commercials on every half-hour of prime-time programming (the numbers vary at other times of day). All regular programming costs the network about the same amount to produce. But the price of a commercial minute can vary $70,000 between a hit like *All in the Family*, which reaches 32 million people, and the unfortunate loser that's up against *All in the Family* on an opposing network. Multiply the $70,000 by 3 for the half-hour, multiply that figure by 52 weeks and the programmer's importance is apparent. He's the man who comes up with the hits.

Freddie Silverman is a hitmaker. "He's the best programming man in the business," said the rival NBC programmer, Irwin Segelstein, at a TV Academy lunch on July 22. Part of his talent is a fanatical devotion to his work. "When most kids his age were running around buying baseball cards or records, Fred was running up and down Madison Avenue selling radio scripts; he lives, sleeps, breathes the tube," says Ed Warren, who gave Fred his first job in 1959 at WGN, an independent station in Chicago. "It's total dedication," says Oscar

Katz, who brought Silverman to CBS in 1963. "He wanted to be a program executive when he was eight years old." He has no hobbies. He puts in the hours of two men. "I've never had a conversation with Fred that went outside the confines of the business," says one longtime colleague. "Fred has a lovely wife who was his secretary. That's no accident. It's all work." Says another old associate, describing Fred's pretty, young wife: "I think she has a very good sense of the 18-49 market."

Maybe Fred's most stunning successes came as a boy just out of college, working at WGN in Chicago. "He was walking around in his Army uniform, going to National Guard camp on weekends," recalls colleague Irv Wilson. "I was in sales. Freddie used to come into my office with bizarre ideas that turned out to be wildly successful. We had these old Johnny Sheffield *Bomba the Jungle Boy* films; he wanted to cut them to fit into an hour time period. I said, 'You're out of your fucking mind.' But he cut one, put new music in the titles, called it *Zim Bomba* and we put it on against Red Skelton. It knocked the shit out of Skelton."

He pulled old films out of the decrepit WGN library, dogs like *Black Beauty* that the studios couldn't sell elsewhere because they weren't aimed at adults. He took the number-one children's host on the station, put him in a library lined with phony books and had him introduce the movies at 6:30 each Sunday night under the title *Family Classics*. Over a decade later, it is still running. "When we did a Dick Tracy show based on the comic strip," recalls Ed Warren, "Fred set up a Crime Stoppers Club, with people writing in to get memberships like the Little Orphan Annie rings they used to give away on radio. It became one of the biggest mail pools ever—a 600,000 mail pool." Freddie was an alchemist: he had discovered the way to turn garbage into gold.

Silverman came to CBS as a daytime programmer and, at only 25, became a vice-president. He was a young man in a hurry. A business acquaintance remembers phoning to congratulate him. "I really have to hand it to you, Fred," the man said. "I know no one who was made vice-president that young—with one exception." "Who's that?" Fred asked quickly. "Tom Sarnoff," he was told. It was a joke—Sarnoff was the son of the chairman of RCA, NBC's parent company. "Well, he had an advantage over me," Fred replied, a bit irritated. He was not joking.

Blessed with many talents, Silverman had a special flair for cartoons. He watched them with the excitement of a six-year-old. "He would describe what sounds the characters should make," one colleague recalls in wonder. "You would hear him say, 'I think that one should go *cluck cluck*, but this one should go *awk awk*.'" On Saturday morning, after one of his cartoons premiered, he would call his old friend Irv Wilson, now an independent producer, and ask to talk to Irv's little kids, to get an immediate reaction. It was hard to believe. Could anyone work that hard? Did he ever stop? When Irv was representing Archie Comics, he sold Fred an "Archie" show for Saturday mornings. A few weeks later he got a phone call. Fred had been on vacation in Mexico, and he'd picked up a comic book in the Archie series at a newsstand. He couldn't read Spanish, but he scanned the book. "I want Sabrina, the teenage witch," he told Wilson. CBS put Sabrina on Saturday morning. She was a smash.

No one had as many hits as Fred. Sure, there were some thorns in the roses. There were the colossal flops, like *Me and the Chimp* and *Dirty Sally*. There was his first half-hour show at CBS, *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*, which he so desperately wanted to work that he dragged it through five limp seasons, bionically plugging in new characters and story lines until the only unchanged ingredients were the title and the theme music. Sure, there were failures, but you see . . . *they didn't matter*. "In this business, the ability to identify a hit is much more important than making failures," notes Jerry Chester, executive vice-president of Goodson-Todman Productions. "You have loads of opportunities to buy an ordinary show, but you rarely get a hit."

Fred Silverman watches cartoons with the excitement of a six-year-old: "That character should go *cluck cluck*," he insists, "but this one should go *awk awk*"

Silverman's instincts are uncanny. In variety, he gambled on Sonny and Cher, Donny and Marie, Tony Orlando and Dawn. Three for three. When it comes to spin-offs, he has no peers. On *All in the Family*, he decided that a visiting relative, played by Bea Arthur, generated the sort of response that justified a new show. *Maude*. On *Mary Tyler Moore*, he liked Mary's plump Jewish friend. *Rhoda*. It worked once, why not again? *Phyllis*. Years later, when he was already at ABC, he saw Lindsay Wagner appear on *The Six Million Dollar Man* in a two-part episode; the audience response was fantastic. A spin-off? Silverman called up the producer, Universal, and found that the studio had just let the actress' $1,000-a-week contract lapse. "I want her," Silverman said. Universal renegotiated the contract, but this time it had to be a star's contract—$25,000 a week. *The Bionic Woman*.

"In this business, the sign of creativity is to have a trench coat that outdoes all the others, to dress like Hemingway coming out of the tundra," says Ed Warren. "But Fred never went that route." He was good enough to escape pretensions. Even today, as president of ABC Entertainment, he lunches not at 21 or Le Mistral; no, Freddie still eats down the street at Bill Hong's—"a place," as one associate sums it up, "that does not require reservations."

"When you get Fred Silverman, you get two people," says Mike Dann, his former boss at CBS. "His work ethic is double that of any other executive in programming. That's the first thing. And on top of that, he's the best." Silverman was a legend in the industry Fred Pierce knew so well. There were other programmers. But there was no question who was the best. There was no question that if ABC was serious about making a run for the money, no one could help more than Fred Silverman. The only question was: is he available? As luck would have it, he was.

The programmer is a very valuable commodity but, as with so many precious things, his lifetime is short. He rarely gets credit for his network's successes; he always takes the blame for the failures. Just as in baseball, where the manager is jettisoned when the team enters a slump, so in broadcasting the programming executive is booted out when his schedule falls flat. "At CBS he's great as long as he's cutting it, but if he has a bad year, they might get rid of him," says ABC oldtimer Julius Barnathan. In ten years, Silverman had never gotten the recognition he deserved at CBS. Here he was, making them *millions*, manufacturing money as if he had a goddamn *printing press*, and what did he get? A limousine, a grand office, a private dining room? A kind word from the Big Guy, CBS Chairman William Paley? Even a lousy contract, some sort of security in writing? No. On Mr. Paley's

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL SELKIRK

Fred Silverman (left), president of ABC Entertainment, Roone Arledge (center), president of ABC Sports, and Fred Pierce, president of ABC Television, join hands for a victory slap.

plantation, he got *gornisht*. And it was beginning to get on his nerves.

Maybe he knew that at CBS his shows were growing old and his prospects dim. Maybe he was bored after all those years of keeping the number one network number one. Maybe he was tired of the backbiting, the formality, the pettiness. Who could blame him if he resented the ruling by the new CBS president, Arthur Taylor from International Paper, that in the future executives would fly economy class and stay at hotels that gave the company commercial rates? When you're on the New York-L.A. shuttle, going back and forth, again and again, amenities become very important. Here he was, working his *kishkas* out, producing like nobody else produces, and what did he get for it? Damned little.

So when his old friend Fred Pierce bumped into him at a neighborhood restaurant, and they had a couple of drinks, he was not unreceptive to what Fred was saying. And when they met again at a mutual friend's wedding, they chatted further. Silverman knew Pierce from way back, when Silverman was writing his legendary 2½-inch thick Ohio State master's thesis on ABC and Pierce was the *Wunderkind* of the ABC research department. Silverman had wanted to work at ABC then, but no job could be found for him, so Oscar Katz had picked him up for CBS at $180 a week. Now ABC had a second chance. They offered him $250,000 a year, with stock options, a life insurance policy and a guaranteed four-year production contract whenever he chose to leave. And in May 1975, just after the networks had announced the fall schedules, they got him. The news reverberated from New York to Hollywood with the force of a sonic boom. "That hiring was the most important move in broadcasting since William Paley stole Jack Benny from NBC in 1948," says Mike Dann. The shock waves shook the streets, but on the 35th floor of the Black Rock building all was still calm. It is said that when Mr. Paley heard the news, he remarked: "It's for Fred to decide. We were successful before he came, and we'll be successful after he goes."

"I've been here 22 years," says ABC engineering vice-president Julie Barnathan, "and in the last two years, morale has gone 180 degrees. We don't have an inferiority complex, but we like to be treated as equals. There's always been a feeling at the other networks, especially at CBS, that their shit don't stink, if I can use the term." From the nondescript glass-and-steel tower with the ABC logo on top, one has a clear view of the CBS Black Rock building. In *Television: The Business Behind the Box*, Les Brown jokes that the ABC building was the packing crate in which the Black Rock building was delivered. If the folks at ABC can now laugh at such jokes, much of the credit must go to the Korean War veteran who Julie Barnathan hired in 1956 at $60 a week, the kid who started as a ratings clerk and shinnied to the top of the greasy pole. At ABC, Fred Pierce is a hero.

ABC stock has doubled, from 16 to 35, in the two years that Pierce has been in charge. On the day he announced Fred Silverman's appointment, the stock shot up two points—a total value of $34 million, in case anyone thought Silverman was overpaid. Although he came on board too late to redesign the fall 1975 schedule, Silverman was able to redirect a show's development. For example, by recognizing that the focus of *Happy Days*, a borderline show with a 27 share of the audience, should be shifted from the Ron Howard character to the supercool fifties dude, Fonzie, played by Henry Winkler, Silverman created a smash hit with a 40 share and made Winkler a superstar. (This month Pocket Books is publishing 200,000 copies of *The Fonz: The Henry Winkler Story*.) Given a chance to plug in six new shows for the January season, Silverman came up with four winners. He took two characters on *Happy Days* and spun off *Laverne and Shirley*. Positioning it immediately after *Happy Days*, and guest-starring the Fonz on the first shows, Silverman insured that *Laverne and Shirley* would be a hit. The millions who tuned into *Happy Days* at 8 didn't switch channels at 8:30: that was graphically illustrated last February, when Harry Reasoner's two-minute spot coverage of the New Hampshire primary, positioned between *Happy Days* and *Laverne and Shirley*, was the sixth-highest rated show of the week. Three of Silverman's five other programs were solid successes. The golden Silverman touch was working.

For the second half of last year—the "second season" of January to April (when reruns begin)—ABC finished first, with a 36.3 share of the audience. *First*. For a chronic loser, a network that ordinarily wound up fourth in a three-way race, this news was not just remarkable, it was breathtaking. In ratings for the entire season, ABC crossed the finish line second, a hair's breadth behind CBS.

And this year, if the experts are right, ABC will *win*. For the first time *ever*. And what's more, for the first time in 20 years, CBS will not be number one. So if they're laughing in the corridors of the undistinguished ABC building—if (as reported in *TV Guide*) they're wearing big red buttons that say "We're No. 1" and more understated buttons that confide, "After all these weeks of sustained industry leadership it would be rather ostentatious to have a button with a No. 1 larger than this"—can you blame them? The euphoria of the 1969 New York Mets is being replayed on Sixth Avenue.

There are objective reasons to predict success for ABC this season, but much of the optimism rests with the industry's confidence in Pierce and Silverman. They complement each other perfectly. Silverman's ideas fly into space like crazed neutrons; Pierce provides the screen that focuses and controls the force. "I can hear Silverman saying, 'I like it, the character will catch on,'" says one man who has worked with both of them. "I can't hear Fred Pierce saying that. He would talk about 'market flow' and 'our testing says this.'"

ABC's overall television strategy is directed by Pierce. His *Topkapi*-like heist of Barbara Walters from NBC for a record $5-million contract last spring underscored his determination to win. It was a surefire move: on the nighttime end of the schedule, Walters will almost certainly increase the audience for the evening news. Like the $4,000 dinner for two that Craig Claiborne won from American Express, the lavish contract has generated enough publicity to justify its generosity. "This fall Barbara and Harry Reasoner will have the most incredible audience sampling of any news show since Huntley-Brinkley began," one ABC vice-president predicts. We'll have to wait until October 4 to find out. But it's already clear that the loss of Walters has accelerated the decline of the *Today* show. The NBC morning program at one time attracted double the combined audience of the opposite two shows. Together they now outdraw it. ABC insiders boast that *Good Morning, America* will be more popular than *Today* by the new year.

Like any master corporate raider, Pierce knows that two can play the game. He is therefore making sure that the other networks do not plunder ABC's executive suites. ABC Sports president Roone Arledge and his staff have long been the acknowledged leaders of their business. In July the network promoted several members of the department to swat down the job feelers of rival networks. Pierce has also siphoned more money into sports programming. ABC will be presenting the next World Series, according to the terms of an alternate-year contract worked out with NBC and the baseball commissioner. Last year the World Series was the one lifebuoy that kept the NBC schedule from going under. In the winter and summer, ABC telecast the Olympics to resounding critical and commercial success—even Pierce did not anticipate what a huge audience the games would draw. The summer Olympics also gave the network a hidden advantage. By exposing the enormous audience to prime-time programming promo spots, ABC was able to collect a larger initial viewer pool for its fall shows.

The Pierce-Silverman prime-time schedule will be playing to ABC's traditional strength, youth-oriented violent programs euphemistically called "action shows." No one at ABC has forgotten that the great disaster of 1974 occurred when ABC chose to take on CBS by copying successful family programs and positioning them against the originals. Now, Pierce and Silverman have gone back to the standbys, including that long-time ABC supplier, Quinn Martin, who is producing *Most Wanted*. Quinn Martin's philosophy of programming is summed up in a memo he wrote while producing the old ABC hit *The Untouchables*. Quoted by Erik Barnouw in *Tube of Plenty*, the memo reads: "I wish you would come up with a different device than running the man down with a car, as we have done this now in three different shows. I like the idea of sadism, but I hope we can come up with another approach to it."

Like the $4,000 dinner for two that Craig Claiborne won from American Express, Barbara Walters' lavish contract has generated enough publicity to justify its generosity

To action dramas and sports, Silverman has added some standard comedies and variety shows. "When your responsibility is to get the highest audience, you look for something that will please most of the people most of the time," says Mike Dann. "A successful mediocrity is hard to accomplish." Last year Fred Pierce told the *New York Times* that part of ABC's 1974 failure could be pinned on such dramatic specials as *Love Among the Ruins* and *The Missiles of October*. "We're as dedicated as anyone to uplifting what's on TV," Pierce said. "But we also have a responsibility to our stockholders and our local stations." Another ABC executive says privately: "The audience has turned its back on quality in favor of professionalism. We're giving them the same old garbage done a little better."

Fred Silverman's contribution to ABC programming has been a heavy stress on sympathetic characters and family relationships. ABC is still haunted by the caped specter of *Batman*, a gimmick show that became an immediate smash hit but faded rapidly as the novelty wore off. *The Six Million Dollar Man* reminded some people of *Batman*. But ABC has learned from history. "We're trying to establish strong relationships between characters so the idea of being a bionic man does not have to be exploited every week," says Marvin Mord, vice-president for research services. "If you think of a robot or six million dollar man as a bionic person and you don't have any personal involvement with him, he's just a machine. People related to Lassie, and she was a *dog*, so I don't see why the same can't be true of a robot like Holmes . . . or is it Yoyo?"

It's Yoyo, the co-star of *Holmes and Yoyo*, which (for a critic, at least) is one of ABC's worst dogs this fall. Holmes is a nebbish cop, the sort of guy who gets his tie caught in his typewriter at the very moment the police chief enters the room. As for Yoyo: although he looks like your average curly-haired moron, he is in fact a robot, blessed with (among other attributes) a *real* photographic memory. When he presses his nose, a photograph magically appears under his left armpit. Now, Yoyo is a cute enough fellow, but you can see how an audience might grow tired of his pectoral control panel and his armpit Polaroid. Which is where the Silverman genius enters the scene. The appeal of *Holmes and Yoyo* doesn't rest on the robot—no, not at all. It is drawn from the *warm human relationship* between Alex Holmes and his partner. Which is why, in an incredibly mawkish minute that closes the half-hour pilot, Yoyo—lying pitifully unfueled in the dirt—whines a soliloquy: "And we're both programmed, Alex, each in our own way. We both go by the book. I'm sorry I malfunctioned, but I thought it was human to fail. I'm sorry, Alex. I like you and I really like being your partner." Holmes, glowing, trudges off to get some oil from a nearby gas station.

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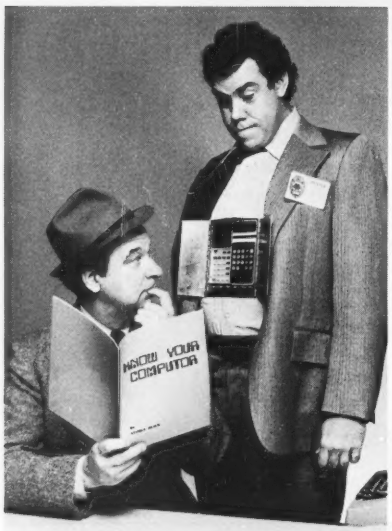

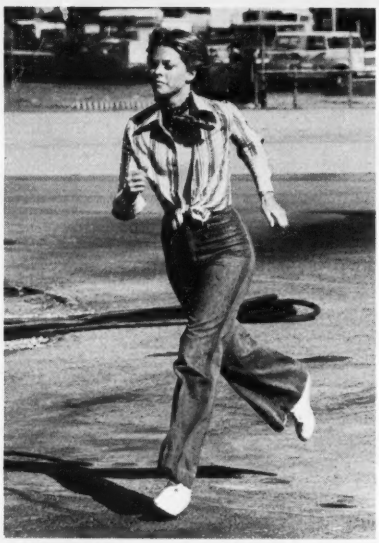

ABC's building blocks: Henry Winkler (top) as the Fonz always looks cool; Alex Holmes, played by Richard Shull, peers at the control panel of robot partner Yoyo, played by John Shuck (center left); Lindsay Wagner is the Bionic Woman (center right); and David Soul and Paul Michael Glaser (bottom) are the stars of the police show *Starsky and Hutch*.

"The way things have been going," Mord says, "people want a return to traditional values and the family unit." One of ABC's more appealing half-hour comedy entries is *The Tony Randall Show*, in which Randall plays a widower judge with two children. Randall is not only a warm father; he is also an impressive authority figure. Two birds with one stone. "If Tony Randall made a farce out of being a judge," Mord continues, "the show would not be successful. Audiences have a preconceived conception of what different roles are like. If you are a teacher, priest or psychiatrist, the audience is not particularly interested in knowing about your flaws of character." Characters with character are all-important. "The settings and professions will become secondary to the characters," Mord says. "You can, though, and this is where research comes in, optimize the concept of a show by saying this would be better if it was set in the sixties or made contemporary. When I say 'better,' I mean the viewers would be more ready to accept this concept if done in the sixties."

"When I say 'better'. . . ." In the world of television, that realm of Sony color TVs behind the executive's desk and magnetic schedule boards hanging on the wall, *better* means *better ratings*. When you say, "He's the best because he's the only one who *reads*," you mean he *reads scripts*. When you remark, "He's the only programmer who's not *political*," you mean he shuns *political maneuvering* and behind-the-back wheeling-dealing. The hermetic nature of this sphere of "Freddy baby's" and pinches on the cheek is embodied in the history of the ubiquitous schedule board, the metal sheet with vertical columns for days, horizontal columns for networks and magnetic program plates laid out on the grid. Lew Wechsler of Wells, Rich, Greene takes credit for inventing the board in 1955 at the Benton and Bowles agency, where the television conference room had metal walls. Irwin Segelstein took it with him when he moved to CBS. Now Segelstein is at NBC, while his erstwhile CBS colleague Fred Silverman is his opponent at ABC. In this domain of musical chairs, it did not take long for Lew Wechsler's schedule board to appear everywhere.

The schedule board is useful. It's been especially useful this year. On August 20 in the late afternoon, the very last minute before *TV Guide*'s blockbuster Fall Preview issue was locked up, the ABC programming department called *TV Guide* to make a few changes

in the new schedule. Last spring ABC had usurped CBS, which traditionally unveils its schedule first, by self-confidently making the earliest announcement. Now, after the other networks had revealed their schedules, ABC was cannily counter-programming, cushioning its new crime show *Most Wanted* with a lead-in of *Starsky and Hutch*, a nice crutch against CBS comedies and NBC movies. Upset by this and other changes, NBC sacrificed the accuracy of its listings in *TV Guide*—which has a circulation of over 20 million in the week most Americans do their new season sampling—and announced its own switches the following week.

It's desperation row over at NBC. While ABC is building for the future and CBS is coasting on dusty old successes, NBC is madly juggling one-shot movies and specials to fend off catastrophe. "At NBC there's a self-hypnosis to generate a kind of excitement," says one producer. "You keep hearing about *Gone With the Wind*. Okay, but that's two nights." In its last-minute change, NBC junked two new shows and replaced them with another 90-minute movie, bringing to eight and a half hours its weekly total of specials and movies. ABC and CBS combined have six such hours scheduled.

All three networks will be pulling regular shows in favor of audience-attracting extravaganzas. "It's going to be the weirdest season yet in terms of knowing what's happening," says Lew Wechsler. "I'd say for the first month and a half, there won't be a night where three shows at their regular lengths are up against each other." Because of the hailstorm of special programming, cautious forecasters confine themselves to studying the regular schedule. Wall Street analyst Anthony Hoffman of Shields Model Roland predicts that on the weeks dominated by regular programming, ABC will squeak ahead in the prime-time Nielsen race with a 19.4 rating, half a point ahead of CBS and two points in front of the hapless NBC. More important, "they are unlikely to be out of contention ever again."

The television industry is enthralled by the mystique of the Nielsens—the Nielsen rating, which gives the percentage of television-owning households that are tuned into a particular show (each point equals 712,000 homes), and the Nielsen share, the comparative figure that tells you what percentage of households that are watching anything at a given hour are tuned into a particular show. Nielsens are important because they translate into cash; but

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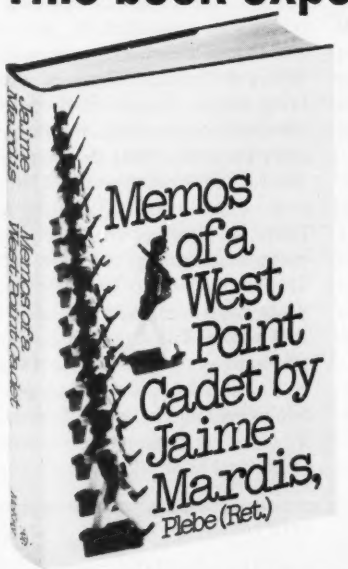

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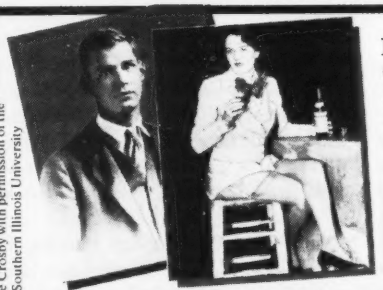

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once the Nielsen mystique takes over, winning is an end in itself, without any clear connection to profits. Advertisers realize there is more to life than Nielsens. "No household buys toilet paper," says Lew Wechsler. "No household buys toothpaste or soup. A person buys it." As "demographics," or the study of viewing patterns, has become more sophisticated, advertisers have been able to pinpoint their target audience, and a program with young urban viewers may earn more advertising dollars than a show with a larger but older and rural audience.

ABC has the youngest audience. It also has the youngest shows. "Our schedule was instituted with an eye beyond the '76-'77 season," says Marvin Mord. "This season is probably the last for *All in the Family*, *M*A*S*H*, *Carol Burnett*, *Sanford and Son* and *Mary Tyler Moore*—and these are the stalwart shows on each of the other networks. What happens when they have to develop new shows? Our shows are two- or three-year-old properties. Many could have long life expectancies."

ABC is future-oriented: network executives are happy to sign contracts, even if the terms can't go into effect for a year or two. Silverman raided NBC for Redd Foxx, who will now fulfill his final year's obligation to *Sanford and Son*. Fred Pierce completed a similar maneuver in picking up a top syndicated show: he offered the producers of *Hollywood Squares* enough money to lure the show away from NBC. Outbidding the rival networks, he also bought *The Match Game* for another time slot.

Perhaps the most significant ABC delayed contract in recent months was concluded with the McGraw-Hill-owned NBC affiliate in San Diego. The 31st largest market in the country, San Diego has only two VHF stations, and for years ABC has been stuck with a UHF affiliate. As of January 1978, NBC will be stuck with that station, since ABC has wooed away the NBC affiliate. It was a major coup. Because VHF stations reach many more homes, and since San Diego is such a large market, the acquisition might make a visible dent in the national Nielsen ratings. Regardless, there is no doubt that several such successes will make a difference. And as the Nielsens improve, more affiliates will be attracted. It is a very pleasant cycle for Bob Fountain, ABC vice-president for affiliate relations. His network will begin the fall season with 190 affiliates, at parity with its two rivals. Another vice-president, Dick Beesemyer, has been freed to travel across the country, prying affiliates loose from the other networks.

"In terms of my job, it's been nirvana," says Bob Fountain. For years he's been peddling the weakest schedule. But now? Now they're begging to jump on the ABC bandwagon. "If I can give you good programming, that is *where* you make your *bucks*," Fountain says. "That's what makes them whistle on the way to the bank."

It comes as no surprise that what makes the station managers whistle will bring only a pucker of distaste to the mouths of most critics. But the programmers know what they're doing: this year should be the most profitable in the history of broadcasting. Analyst Anthony Hoffman predicts that the networks' prime-time billings in 1976 will total $1.37 billion (up 11 percent over last year), with total billings almost double that figure. The interesting thing about this success story is that according to every conceivable index except profits, the television industry is finishing up one of its worst years in memory. In 1975 the total number of television viewers actually *fell*, and although it's thought that this year's ratings will show some recovery, the total audience is not expected to match the one of 1974. The shows are dreadful, the audiences are flagging—yet the dollars keep rolling in.

While ABC is building for the future and CBS is coasting on dusty old successes, NBC is madly juggling one-shot movies and specials to fend off catastrophe

"In normal years, the disastrous season NBC had would be reflected on a balance and loss statement," Jerry Chester reflects. "But it's a seller's market." This year, with its worst programming lineup in years, NBC will have its best season ever. Because advertising space on the other networks sold out quickly, NBC was able to hike its rates for companies that had nowhere else to go. "Even so, some major advertisers waited a little too long and were just shut out," says Lew Wechsler.

"Have you ever thought how badly these three companies do whenever they go outside their protected position?" asked one industry insider. "CBS bought Hytron and the Yankees—utter disasters. RCA went into the computer business and wound up writing off $400 million. The pressure is toward diversification. But do you have any idea how much money these companies would have made if they'd kept to broadcasting?" ABC's experience reinforces the point. Deciding to have a go at land speculation, the company bought 400 acres in Largo, Maryland, and set up a game preserve. Unfortunately, ABC bought the land when prices were highest; the investment declined steadily over the next months. As for entrance fees, there were already two full-fledged amusement parks in the area and the market could not support a second-rate third. The windup? A $10.4 million write-off. In the same year, it was discovered that through deceptive accounting, ABC Records had appeared to be making money when in fact it was losing bushelsful. Another $22 million write-off. In December 1975, the usual year-end bonuses were suspended and morale dropped to a new low.

But that's just a bad dream now. The wayward subsidiaries were straightened out, the bonuses were restored and at ABC today everybody's smiling. More than its competitors, ABC concentrates on broadcasting. The outlook there is cheery. Not only has the prime-time schedule been snapped into shape but the daytime lineup, which used to offer an hour and a half less than its rivals', will by January lag just a half-hour behind. The addition of Barbara Walters should boost the ratings of the evening news, providing a stronger lead-in to the nighttime programs, and should cripple the already anemic *Today* show, helping ABC's *Good Morning, America*. Late night, traditionally NBC's turf, is another hunting ground for the upstarts at ABC. Silverman is trying out action show reruns against *The Tonight Show*. A.m., p.m., all across the board, ABC is coming on like gangbusters.

So if you're an ABC stockholder, congratulations. If you're a viewer—well, the added competition may eventually produce better schedules, and it's hard to see how it can make things worse. And if you're simply an observer of the machinations of the American economic machine, you've got to hand it to the two Freds. They have truly built a better mousetrap. They have co-produced a corporate Horatio Alger story: from riches to super-riches. And like the best television drama, their saga doesn't dilute the thrill of their success with pity for their rivals' failures. For in the golden world of network broadcasting, there are no losers. Everyone just keeps racing around the board, collecting wads of money. Monopoly is an enjoyable game to play.●

Movies

So you wanna be a critic

By Richard Corliss

Yet another *New Times* scoop: a review of this year's New York Film Festival before it even begins! I suppose I qualify as an "insider" here, since I'm a member of the committee that selects films for the Festival (October 1–17 at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall). And that status implies a conflict of interest (scrupulous reviewer vs. paid flack), which I propose to dodge—forthrightly, of course—by writing about Festival films only if and when they are released theatrically. But the experience of sitting through several hundred feature films, from May through August, in Cannes, Paris and New York, inevitably raises the question: "Why?"

Sometimes—say, at the end of an eight-hour day sitting in a screening room with a megaton of sensory overload and a chronic case of the blahs—that question rises from the base of your numbed spine and escapes as a Fay Wray scream. You despair of ever again seeing a good—no, competent, no, endurable—movie; looking for Festival films can be like panning for gold in Jimmy Carter's mouth. You want to change careers, get into a more glamorous line of work, like proofreading the Manhattan White Pages. The only things that keep you in the screening room are the forlorn hope of an unannounced masterpiece, the knowledge that you're saving audiences from exposure to miles of film that never should have been exposed in the first place, and the *Clockwork Orange* apparatus that straps you to your seat and clamps your eyes open facing the stream. Slipping into delirium, you chant, like a mantra, Theodore Sturgeon's reassuring axiom: "Ninety percent of *everything* is crap."

None of the above is true, of course. Bad movies can be as instructive as good ones, especially for spotting national moods, stylistic influences and marketing trends. And since cinema is *The Ed Sullivan Show* of art forms, the worst movie can have a scene, a cameo performance, a line of dialogue, an inadvertent epiphany that perks you up, sticks in your mind, makes your day. There are movies whose directors give indications of being one step away from a fully realized film; I sometimes wish the Festival could sponsor a "Not Quite But Almost" series of films by directors worthy of encouragement and a little indulgence. Then, too, the sheer variety of nationalities and genres represented keeps you alert. An Iranian homage to Godard will be followed by an Israeli farce will be followed by a big-budget British costume drama will be followed by some glossy American porno. It's like being psychoanalyst to the entire United Nations; you sit there while the world unspools its dreams.

François Truffaut takes a break with one of the child actors during the filming of *Small Change*, a selection of the upcoming New York Film Festival.

Maybe this still sounds like a sophist's defense of intellectual masochism, but, just for starters, there are worse ways of spending the summer than watching movies with fellow committee members Richard Roud, Roger Greenspun, Charles Michener and Susan Sontag; they'd make great desert-island companions anywhere this side of the Gulag Archipelago. More to the point, the pleasure of seeing a good film is doubled by the satisfaction of helping to make it possible for other people to see it. The Festival has an exemplary record of providing a showcase for films that otherwise might never have been seen in New York, from Luis Buñuel's *The Exterminating Angel* (opening night at the first Festival in 1963) to Orson Welles' *F for Fake* (which played last year and hasn't been heard from since). And though the Festival is identified mainly with European films, it's hosted the world premieres of such American films as *Five Easy Pieces*, *The Last Picture Show*, *Mean Streets*, *Badlands* and *A Woman Under the Influence*. This year's candidate in the Americana Sweepstakes is Barbara Kopple's *Harlan County, U.S.A.*, a compassionate documentary about a Kentucky miners' strike. Two other hot tips: the sensation of the Festival will be Nagisa Oshima's turbulent *In the Realm of the Senses* (which I wrote about from Cannes in *New Times*); the "major revelation" will be—don't laugh—a three-hour martial arts movie called *A Touch of Zen* (which I'll write about when it opens).

In the movies, as elsewhere, 1976 is a year of consolidation (amid the carnage), and the list of this Festival's directors bears this out. It's a program mostly of new films from old faces: François Truffaut (*Small Change*), Akira Kurosawa (*Dersu Uzala*), Eric Rohmer (*The Marquise of O . . .*), Satyajit Ray (*The Middleman*), Jacques Rivette (*Duelle*), Rainer Werner Fassbinder (*Fear of Fear*) and other worthies of world cinema. Of the films by Festival regulars, the most de-

manding and rewarding is Marcel Ophuls' four-and-a-half-hour *The Memory of Justice*. Ophuls, whose *The Sorrow and the Pity* reminded viewers of the ironic richness of the human spirit (and the dramatic potential of the documentary form), has turned from Vichy France to Nuremberg and beyond in *The Memory of Justice*. A good listener, Ophuls has an uncanny ability to elicit human contradictions from such stock-interview types as SS veterans and Vietnam draft resisters; a superb filmmaker, he constantly plays our political pieties against each other until we finally realize that there are no easy answers to the question of national guilt and individual responsibility. The important thing is to *ask* the question, which Ophuls does as rigorously of himself as he does of Auschwitz survivors and Vietnam war heroes. You're left not with agitprop smugness but with a tapestry of intimate life stories (of courage, of compromise) and unforgettable faces (rueful smiles, choked-back tears). George Orwell was called "the conscience of his generation." Ophuls is at the very least the confessor of ours.

* * *

By this time next month, the New York critics will have thrown their bouquets or their brickbats at the Festival films. Largely as a result, the films will either be released or lie a'molderin' in their vaults. It's only in a special case such as this one that movie critics can literally make or break a film's release pattern. And, in a way, their reviews are only the public manifestation of what the selection committee was saying with each vote: see this movie; don't see that one. Which raises another crucial question critics discuss only when they've run out of new movies to savage. Namely: What gives us the right to make such decisions, to tell you what to think?

Artists, in what they may see as just revenge, have had a lot of fun chastising critics, usually as either sadists ("they did not murder to dissect, but dissected to murder"—Randall Jarrell) or parasites ("eunuchs at a gang bang"—Mike Nichols). In fact, artists and critics are saying the same thing: Learn from me, laugh at me, love me, *listen to me!* And they're both trying to enlarge your understanding of experience. Traditionally, the artist used experience as his raw material, and the critic used art. But over the last 50 years, art has become increasingly "self-referential." Artists have become their own theorists and critics—or, if you like, nitpickers and narcissists.

The movies, which reflect other arts in a time-warped mirror that catches the glimmer of trends 15 or 20 years late, have recently become preoccupied with their own form and history. In avant-garde films, this tendency is called structuralism; in popular films, nostalgia. At the same time, mainstream film criticism has turned ever more idiosyncratic and autobiographical. Hollis Frampton's independent films, or Peter Bogdanovich's Hollywood features, could be elaborate doctoral dissertations. Pauline Kael's or Andrew Sarris' movie reviews read like *True Confessions*.

It can hardly be otherwise. The first duty of a critic (as with an artist) is to entertain, and few of Kael's readers in *The New Yorker* or Sarris' in *The Village Voice* are likely to be interested in minute descriptions of movies they're not going to see. It was not ever thus. In the thirties and forties, it seems, everybody went to the movies and nobody read about them. Plot summaries passed for consumer guides in the newspapers. In the weeklies, space restrictions kept such eccentric originals as James Agee, Manny Farber and Otis Ferguson from writing little more than *haiku* poems in the margins of film history. Kael and Sarris are in the Agee-Farber-Ferguson tradition—engaged and informed, with distinctive styles and crotchets—but their editors have given them room to breathe, fulminate, educate. Whether or not you agree with their views is beside the point. Movies and movie audiences have become too fragmented for critics to envelop their opinions in Olympian imperatives. There's no such thing as a "definitive" review now (if there ever was). Every critic is on the op-ed page.

And yet more people read the op-ed page than the front page. In an age when almost no movie star can guarantee box-office success, critics have followed the lead of Woodward-Bernstein in print journalism and Walters-Cronkite in telenews, and become the new superstars. It's conceivable that *Last Tango in Paris* will be remembered largely as the film Pauline Kael "made"; that Molly Haskell's movie-star face is more familiar to readers of *New York* and *The Village Voice* than her plangent prose will ever be; that John Simon's Transylvanian transgressions against his fellow critics will go into the *Zeitgeist* capsule while his thoughtful essays on theater languish on the shelf; and that Gene Shalit, who turns film reviews into two-minute comedy routines, has more clout with moviegoers than all of the above and Aristotle put together. The problem with watching film critics tap-dance around the celluloid carcass is that we can forget that they're supposed to be serving the art, not the other way around. Maybe, given the general stagnation of cinema in the seventies, that's what the art deserves. But it can hardly be encouraging to realize that film criticism is now more challenging, more entertaining—and often more artful—than the movies themselves.

Music

Pop goes Stockhausen

By Robert Palmer

Why is Karlheinz Stockhausen, the genius of Europe's musical avant-garde, recording for Chrysalis, a label heretofore devoted to Jethro Tull and other English rockers? Why was he in New York recently making unkind remarks about the prestigious Deutsche Grammophon label, the label he usually records for? And why did the West German government have to foot the bill for the American premiere of "Sirius," his latest opus?

Stockhausen, who is the Beethoven of our time if anyone is, has always been a musical maverick. During the early 1950s, when he was in his mid-twenties, he composed "Kreuzspiel," "Kontra-Punkte" and other chamber music with the express purpose of "assassinating" the melody/harmony, foreground/background duality of more traditional classical music. From 1966 to 1968, during a re-

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markably sustained period of creativity, he perfected the art of electronic collage in his apocalyptic "Hymnen," a work composed of radio static, street recordings and the world's national anthems. The Beatles and the Rolling Stones emulated Stockhausen's musical treatment of non-musical sounds on their own albums during this period, and in interviews they paid homage to the source of their inspiration. But except for John Lennon's "Revolution 9" and a few early works by Frank Zappa, rock music borrowed only the most superficial aspects of Stockhausen's compositional breakthroughs.

Soon after he completed "Hymnen," Stockhausen found unsuspected potentials in the human voice for his unearthly "Stimmung." In "Kurzwellen" he directed his musicians to improvise variations on material they picked up with shortwave receivers. He recorded these works, and many others, for Deutsche Grammophon. They appeared in the United States, sold for a few years and were deleted from the catalogue. Today, only three of Stockhausen's 15-odd DG albums are available in the U.S.

"Deutsche Grammophon does not spend one penny on ads for my music," the composer complained when he was in New York. He is still open-faced and sandy-haired, and, although he has grown stockier, he is as intense as ever. His gaze is riveting, his English clearly enunciated and rapid-fire as idea tumbles over idea. He feels sure of his place in history; a tape recorder set up in his hotel suite preserved every word he uttered during his encounters with the press, for a projected Stockhausen archive.

"My music," he continued, "just has to live on its own. I can console myself by thinking that at least the Deutsche Grammophon recordings exist. But when I record for them, I sit in some terrible motel in Hanover every day for six or eight weeks, mixing a few hours at a time, or in London I have the studio for a few hours and then have to wait. With Chrysalis, everything was different. They paid me an advance on royalties for the first time in my life. They reserved the studio for me for two weeks solid, the way they do in pop."

Terry Ellis and Chris Wright, who are both in their early thirties, built Chrysalis into a major rock label on the strength of Jethro Tull and a few other bands. They decided to work with Stockhausen because they like his music and are aware of his influence on progressive rock and jazz. Luckily, they are Chrysalis' sole stockholders, so they haven't had to worry about justifying Stockhausen to anyone on economic grounds. Since they released his first Chrysalis album (*Ceylon/Bird of Passage*, CHR 1110), Ellis and Wright have been supporting it with all the tools of their trade—print advertising, a voracious PR apparatus, a round of press interviews. When Stockhausen came to the U.S. for the premiere of "Sirius," they posed with him for photographers and made sure the pictures appeared in *Record World* and other music trade journals. These efforts are all the more remarkable because Stockhausen is contracted to Deutsche Grammophon through 1979 (though he can make two albums a year for other labels).

WARING ABBOTT

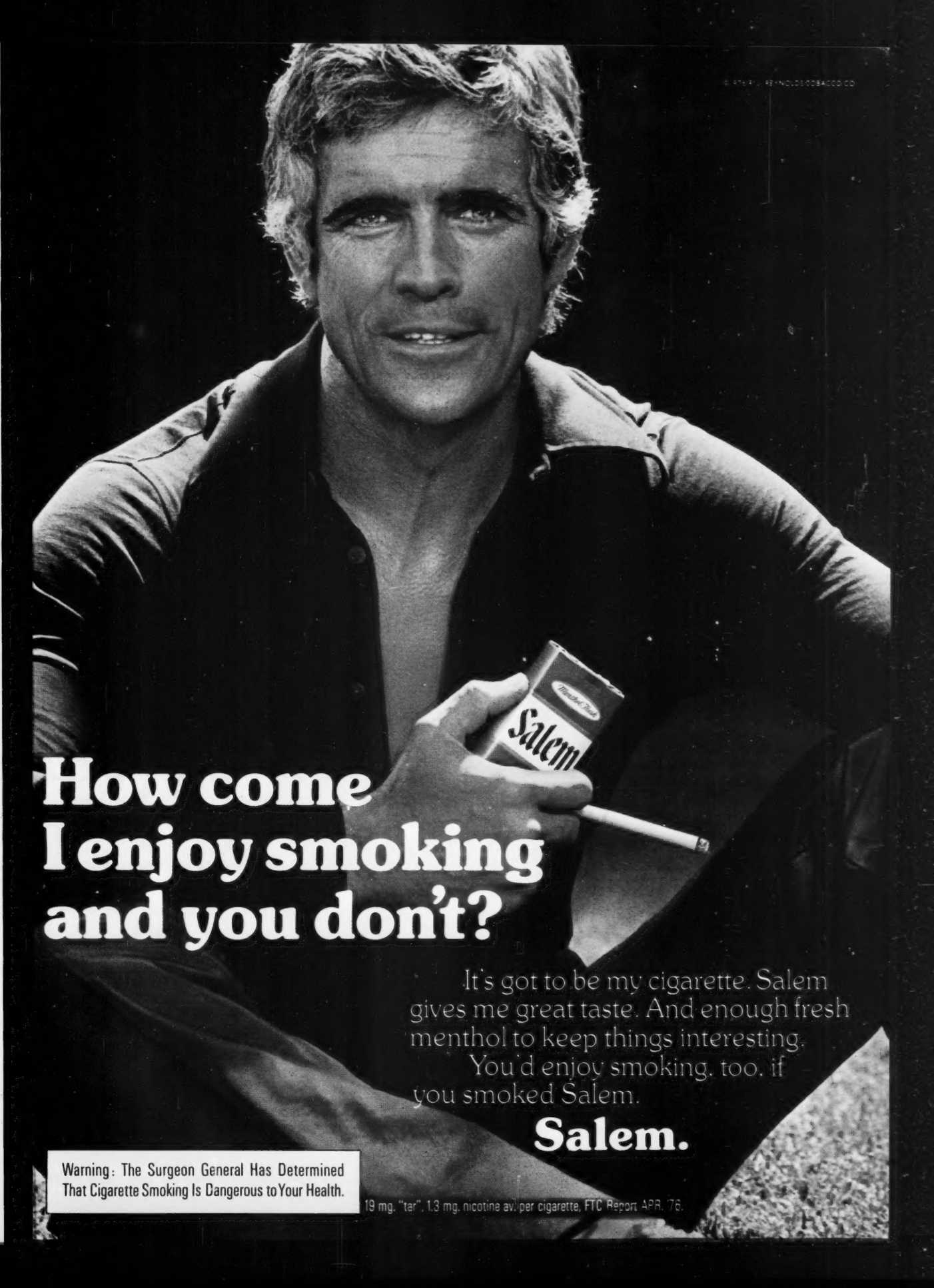
Stockhausen: new musical languages.

The West German government, which clearly values Stockhausen more highly than our own government values his nearest American equivalent, John Cage, sent "Sirius" to the Kennedy Center in Washington as a Bicentennial gift. Otherwise, it might never have been heard. Only a handful of Stockhausen's works have been performed in this country since he made his dramatic breakthroughs of the 1960s, partly because of the expense involved. "Hymnen," which was mounted by the New York Philharmonic under Pierre Boulez in 1971, required tons of special electronic equipment, and the members of Group Stockhausen, the composer's experienced team of improvising musicians, had to be flown in from all over Europe. But Stockhausen believes there are other reasons for his lack of American exposure.

"I used to think the coming country for culture was America," he mused into his tape recorder. "Between 1958 and 1966 I came here very often, and I helped make the initial breakthrough for many American composers, for Cage, Morton Feldman and so on. During that same period, I had many young listeners. The hippies in particular seemed to be following my music. Then it was all over. This is a shame. People in America should be cultured and informed, particularly about music. Of all the things which cross the borderlines of nations freely, music is the least suspicious."

At least *Ceylon/Bird of Passage* is crossing national borderlines, thanks to Ellis and Wright. Both of the compositions included on the album are actually examples of Stockhausen's "intuitive music," in which the composer provides a text to put his musicians in a particular mood, outlines various structural or stylistic limitations and then attempts to direct the ensuing improvisation by establishing "telepathic communication" with the players. The procedure is risky at best, but most of the musicians who perform with Stockhausen on the record took part in his earliest attempts at intuitive improvising, and communication, telepathic or not, clearly has been established between them.

Throughout his long career, Stockhausen has attempted to create an entirely new musical language for each new composition, and the two pieces on the Chrysalis album do, in fact, have remarkably few features in common. "Bird of Passage," which is performed by two trumpets, electronium, piano and various whistles and bells, was a single, unrehearsed improvisation based on a text but no musical notation. "The engineers at the studio, where they are used to recording rock groups, were so surprised!" Stockhausen recalled. "Here they had reserved the studio and were expecting us to work in a meticulous manner, and we came in at 8 p.m. one evening, set up and played two performances of 'Bird of Passage' straight through." The beginning of the piece, with its aggressive trumpet smears and electronic eruptions, is as intense as anything in the Stockhausen discography. Later on, the music settles down into a far sparser, more mystifying succession of textures.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"Ceylon" has more rhythmic drive than any of Stockhausen's previous works. He composed its outline in 1970, when he was visiting Ceylon, and the music's ritualistic quality has to do with a religious festival he attended there. He saw devotees of various cults walk on hot coals, slash themselves with knives and perform other feats of mind-over-matter after they had been put into deep trance by hypnotic, repetitive drumming rhythms. Unlike "Bird," "Ceylon" was rehearsed before it was recorded. The musicians followed a page of notated drumming rhythms, and structural segments were clearly defined, with free areas between them.

Stockhausen will soon be recording a second album for Chrysalis, but nobody, not even the composer, knows what it will sound like. "Let's not fall into one aspect," he said at the end of one conversation recently. "Let's not get stuck in one thing just to have a style, to impress. Let's embrace all the possibilities."

Books

Here and there

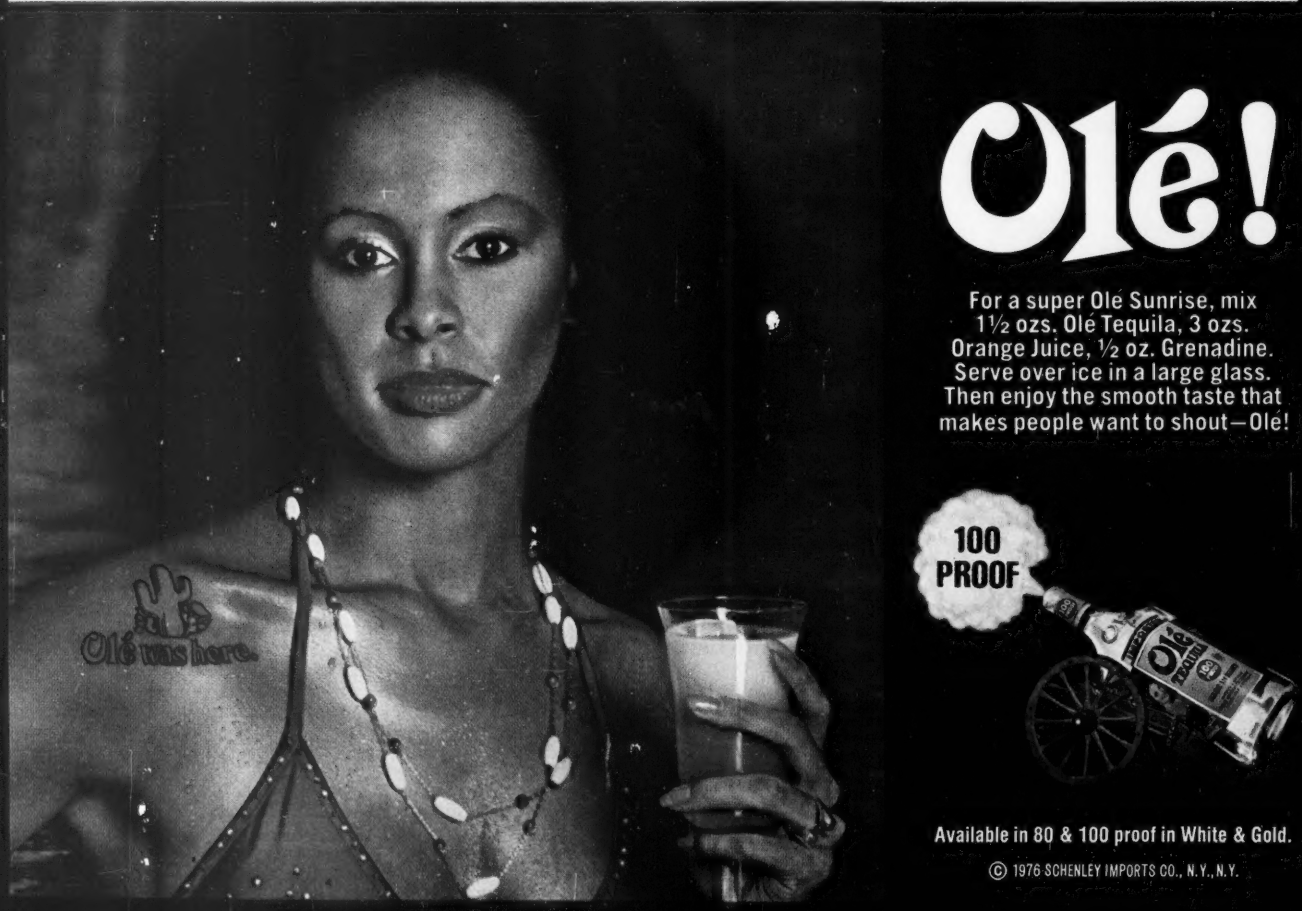
By Geoffrey Wolff

Now Playing at Canterbury *by Vance Bourjaily*. Dial (518 pp., $10).

This is a Big Novel, of the kind that Norman Mailer sometimes dreams aloud. It has a capacious ambition, it has been long—12 years—in the making and its coming has been the subject of rumor. It is by a talented man from whom more has been expected than he has heretofore delivered. It is long and has many characters, some of them reaching for the condition of legend. It is complex. Great claims have been made for it: "to call this book an American *Canterbury Tales*," the dust jacket announces, "is to do it a disservice." This statement is not quite so inflated as it seems, however, adding that *Now Playing at Canterbury* is merely "unique."

"Unique" it surely is, and so is any fiction, but in the same league with Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* it is not. Some damage will be done it by drum-rollers and sandwich-men, but most has been done by Vance Bourjaily himself, for his brave effort to write the illusory Big Novel (to satisfy some demon demander of his own creation) has sent him thrashing through many a swamp, wherein he has sapped his energy and fancy trying to thrash his way out again.

In this father's house there are too damned many mansions. *Now Playing at Canterbury* is a loose contrivance nominally "about" the staging of an opera, *$4000*, in a new theater and music building at a large Midwestern state university. (Bourjaily is at pains to remind readers that he himself wrote the libretto for an opera of the same name performed at Iowa State University, but that his fictional characters have nothing in common with the char-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acters attendant upon that actual event. We may surely take him at his word, not that it much matters to his book.) By this device are assembled singers, musicians, patrons, players, grips, writers, teachers, technicians and a director, Billy Hoffman.

These, like Chaucer's pilgrims, tell their several tales. But unlike Chaucer's pilgrims, their presence together is arbitrary, a matter of business and of performance. Nothing binds them save their common work in music and the theater, and Bourjaily does not mean to suggest (I hope) that this is the equivalent of the faith, however misunderstood or ill-expressed, that bound Chaucer's pilgrims. The distinction is crucial: Chaucer's pilgrims were of a piece, compact; Bourjaily's troupers are centrifugal, at the point of disintegration.

As in Chaucer's "Nun's Priest's Tale," Bourjaily retails a beast epic. It is the book's weakest section, a childish account, acknowledged to be childish, by a girl taking the voices of the tortoise and the hare. She might have offered her author better instruction with the fable of the fox and the grapes, for Bourjaily is forever opening his full mouth to snap at yet another morsel. His book is engorged and reckless. It is also needlessly elliptical and perversely private, often cute, indulgent of pointless verbal japes, distrustful of transitions, brimming with bits of business and pedagogical curiosities.

It probably suffers also from vices I have failed to enumerate, but when it is good it is wonderful. There is a character here, Hoffman, a beat-up director, a guy who quietly and effectively loves make-believe, a guy with his suitcase packed and much used to the road, who almost manages to carry the huge weight of this book upon his own shoulders. He's one of life's evident losers, but after a while his humanity makes its presence felt: "People notice him, without knowing why they do. Two weeks ago you could overlook him, like a small phone bill." Hoffman tells stories and provokes them, and whenever he's onstage, *Now Playing at Canterbury* is a beauty of a book. He gets beaten up by Southern lawyers in Biloxi, bribed by a rich patron and intimidated by the FBI, and nothing diminishes him. His armor is his voice, a laconic and precise idiom Bourjaily has created with perfect verbal taste and control.

Indeed, when Bourjaily relaxes, stretches out his legs, lights his pipe and spins out long dreams, he is right on the money. One begins thus: "Johnny Ten Mason, M.D., a bottle of Walker Black Label Scotch, a red-headed radiology lab assistant named Tuttle. Powerful fornication, much relished by both, but sad for Tuttle, too, because she knows there's a piece of good-bye in every stroke. Her doctor's ready for a change, though she doesn't understand why." There are wonderful throwaway lines here: a San Francisco boy, among war protesters, ". . . talked a good riot, but when one was coming up, he generally managed to be somewhere else." There is a grotesque and most effective story about a killer cat, and a man who used himself for bait to destroy it. There is a story about a road race through the mountains between a Porsche-powered jeep and a Mercedes 300SL (mistakenly called a 390SL, confusing the great gull-winged model with the pedestrian 190SL) that does fine work as a recreation of violence and motion and letdown (death is nature's way of telling us to slow down).

JILL KREMENTZ

Vance Bourjaily: a novelist with insatiable appetite and ambition.

But unless I've missed something crucial here, and maybe I have, there's no fusion. One thing simply follows another. There is frequent resurrection following frequent burial. "What Maury does is help out" is a perfect line, its cadence exact, a world better than the tighter, more muscular locution "Maury helps out." So how can the same writer think up such a silly self-indulgence as this:

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I'm certain this is important to Bourjaily, whatever it means to say, but *why*, as the man himself asks, why? His affection for typographical eccentricities is beyond satisfaction—he tells one section of the novel with cartoon balloons with no pictures—and I have a hunch it is because he has confused art and entertainment. He believes that when he is in fact at his most artful he merely entertains. He wishes more for himself, to hobnob with Joyce ("Now wouldn't that just make old Pablo P. Castle break his paintly brush?") at the same time he tried *shtik* with Henny Youngman ("*That jury's stacked*, says La Mere. *No, but it sure is hung*, says Gabe"). Transitionless changes of time and place (Borgesian, Kafkaesque?) are followed by the clumsiest kind of exposition: "Billy Hoffman's stable. Rolled with every kind of punch there is. Maybe he's the boy to take it from Skeats, who runs the opera guild," says a wife to her husband, who knows as well as she who runs the opera guild.

Finally, though, however egregious this book's vices, it never manages to wear down my affection. It is a brave novel, and often displays the kind of labor that produces effortlessness. Only the truly simple does it make seem labored. There's a character here who confuses his wife: "She's never sure what to say that will mesh with the gear Maury's in; he's got ninety-nine different forward speeds . . . ." Bourjaily would like also to have ninety-nine—hell's fire! ninety-nine thousand—forward speeds, and to have you and me ride with him while he tries them all. What's wrong with appetite? With ambition? In fiction, finally, something is wrong with *such* appetite, *such* ambition. What *cannot* be satisfied goes bad, clabbers and is abandoned. "Here we go. . . . " this book begins. "There we go," it ends. Between here and there many will be lost, and to no good end save increase and replication and consuming will.

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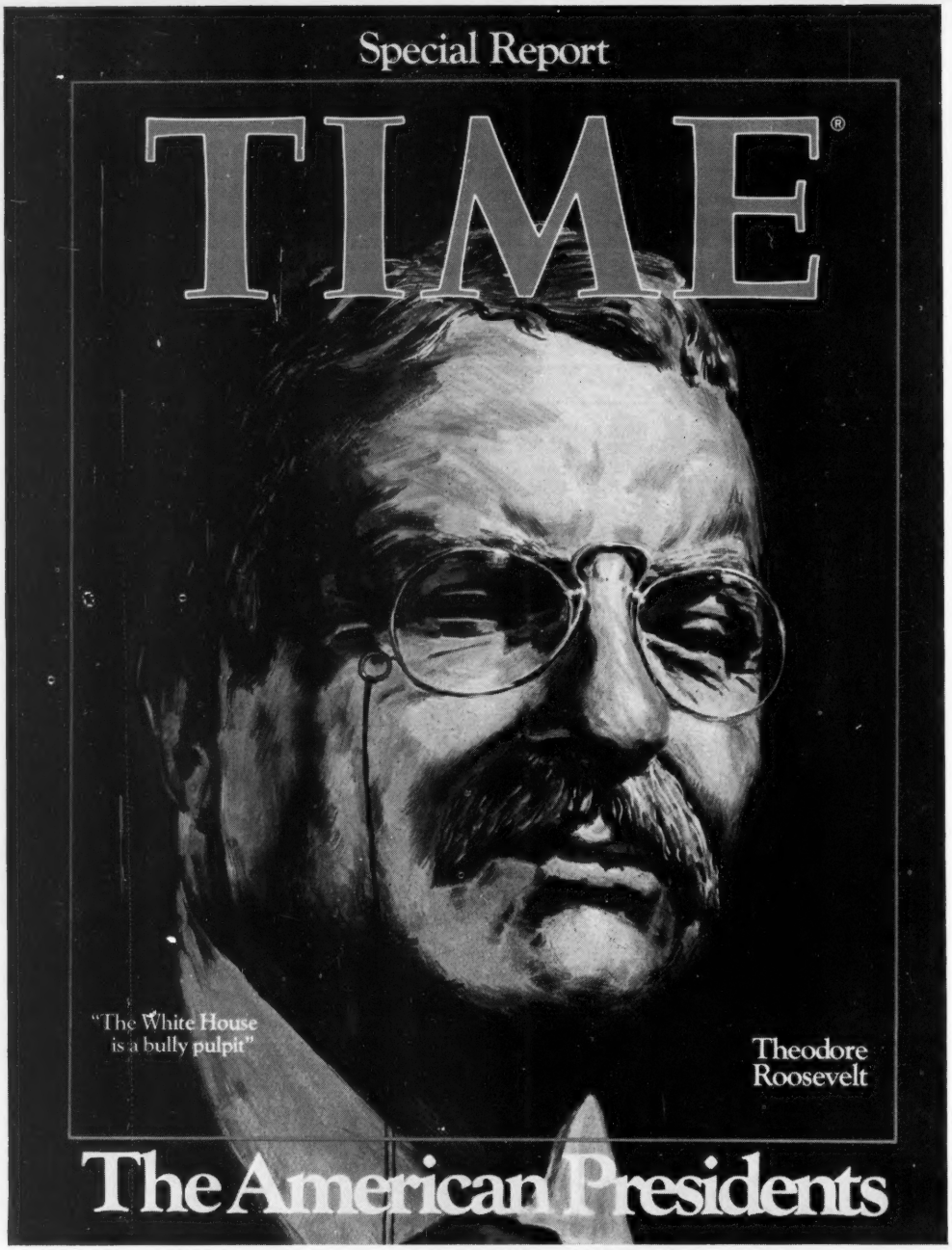

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Food

The sensuous fruit/By Bud Newcomb

Looking for something to raise your friend's sagging amorous interest? Try a fig.

This little bulbous fruit, according to the ancient religious lore of the Middle East, has been either hiding or arousing the private parts of mankind ever since Adam and Eve noticed theirs, and Cybele, the mother of Zeus, learned the potent power of the dried fig from the Phrygian heroine Syke.

In the celebrations of the fertility god Dionysus, Greeks on the island of Naxos carved masks and phalluses from the wood of the fig tree, and to this day an aphrodisiac power is claimed for the fig in the folklore of Spain, France, Italy and other Mediterranean countries.

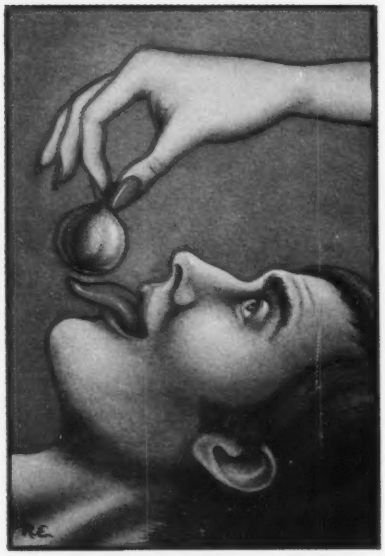
Although science has not recognized a true aphrodisiac, psychologists have long noted the mental factors involved in sexual arousal. Victorian gentlemen were stimulated by the chance glance of a well-turned ankle that was normally concealed by a bustle, nine slips and a long gown; the nondescript women modeling bras and panties in a Sears, Roebuck catalogue could be pretty heady stuff for a boy growing up in the forties and fifties.

So if a Latin lover thinks he can get a rise from eating figs, so be it. One thing is certain: anyone who enjoys fresh figs draped in thin slices of prosciutto (Italian dried ham) or figs doused with cream and a sprinkling of sugar will be in the right frame of mind for other pursuits that may follow.

Unfortunately, until recent times it has been difficult to find fresh figs outside of the warmer regions of the country. The fruit overripens fast—it has a very short "shelf life," as the grocers say—thus most Americans have never known figs in other than their dried form, and then mostly in fig bars (such as Fig Newtons).

Thanks to air freight, fresh figs can now occasionally be found in larger supermarkets with gourmet produce sections and sometimes on fruit stands in the North. California is still the largest supplier, but commercial production is increasing in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Louisiana.

Most encouraging for fig lovers in the North, however, is the recent development by modern plant breeders of a hardy dwarf variety of this warm climate fruit that will thrive far up the East Coast and as far north as Michigan. This everbearing dwarf variety is listed in several national seed and nursery catalogues with the directions to plant the tree in a pail so that, in the coldest regions of the country, the fruit can ripen indoors. This so-called pot culture has been practiced in France and England for centuries. In the milder regions of the North, however, the young tree need only be covered with burlap to withstand hard freezes. Once established (after two or three years), the tops and roots should be hardy enough.



Southwestern and Southern states, of course, have the ideal climate for growing many varieties of figs. In California, growers have been successful in establishing the Old World Smyrna type fig, which needs a wild fig ("caprifig") nearby and a tiny wasp for cross pollination before it will bear fruit. The wasps were imported into California for this purpose in the twentieth century.

The common fig variety, such as Brown Turkey, Celeste and Texas Everbearing, do not require pollination and are established varieties in the southern part of the country. Growing fig trees is easy since it does not require any spraying for pests and they will grow in a wide variety of soils.

Growing your own figs is worth the effort. Fresh figs are not only one of the most delectable fruits, they are also among the healthiest. Although they may not cure the plague and epilepsy (as was maintained in the fifteenth century), fresh figs contain significant amounts of protein, calcium, iron and vitamins. They also possess a high excess alkalinity of ash (which serves to maintain the acid-base balance of the body) and an abundance of natural sugar. In fact, figs by volume are twice as sweet as peaches and slightly sweeter than apples. Another important quality, for those with "regularity" hang-ups: figs have a mild but definite laxative effect.

The sheer delicacy of figs, however, is the main attraction. The sweet meaty part is smooth in texture, somewhat like a banana, with tiny seeds adding a slightly grainy quality. With Italian ham they are served as an appetizer; with cream, for breakfast or dessert. Stuffed with cream cheese and laid on romaine lettuce with mandarin orange slices and French dressing, they make a perfect salad, and, like most other fruits, they even do well soaked in an old Bourbon whiskey and garnished with whipped cream and walnuts.

Their use in pastries is endless, especially in dried form. The baking industry buys up the largest portion of the dried fig market in the United States. Figs also make unusually tasty confections, such as vanilla-fig caramels or fig preserves, which should never be passed up in the jelly-jams section of your grocery. You could also try out your wine-making kit with the ripe fig and end up with a potion that's as potable as Pliny the Elder's was in 79 A.D. Many other uses have been found for figs from livestock fodder to peasant fig cakes, but the pièce de résistance is the simple, fresh fruit with little or no trimming.

Is it possible for anything to be this delicious? Well, the ancient Greeks, besides glorifying them in their orgiastic rituals, passed special laws to regulate their exportation. And the Romans, who were always looking for an excuse to brawl, thought they were worth fighting for. Cato could find no better reason to advocate the conquest of Carthage than the glorious North African fig grown there—an example of which he pulled from his toga to show his fellow senators. Try a fig, and you'll see why the senators were convinced.●

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

Final Tribute

The romantic revolutionary /By David Milton

One does not have to look very far to explain the extraordinary outpouring of media eulogies on the death of the twentieth century's greatest rebel, Mao Tse-tung. It took a long time for American elites to realize that Mao's justified hatred of the Russians might make the Chairman amenable to the idea of a Sino-American coalition. The once-hated "tyrant" became a friend. How ironic that Mao's passing now makes Washington nervous.

It was the American State Department that refused to recognize Mao's guerrilla armies as legitimate partners in the war against Japan. And it was Washington that decided to prop up Mao's enemies in the Chinese civil war. Mao never particularly wanted the fight that Washington began. In 1958 he had a talk with the great American black scholar W.E.B. DuBois. The Chairman told DuBois that he wanted to visit America and do four things: see the Grand Canyon, swim the Mississippi, talk with John Foster Dulles (then dying of cancer) and watch Eisenhower play golf.

It was the old Mao, the 1970s Mao, that Washington learned to appreciate. But it is the young Mao, the revolutionary romantic, as he was sometimes labeled, that the Chinese people remember: the poet who celebrated the classic Chinese fable of the mischievous and powerful monkey king wielding his golden cudgel to sweep away the world's evil dust.

My wife and I will never forget the hours we and a group of Americans spent with Mao in Shanghai in November 1965. We were unaware at the time that Mao had come to that city to seek support for his planned proletarian cultural revolution, after the Peking officialdom had thwarted his attempt to publish a critical pamphlet. The Chairman was later to remark that before the cultural revolution, the top leaders of the country treated him like a Buddha, but no one listened to what he had to say. At our meeting, Mao lit a cigarette and told us that although his doctors recommended he stop smoking, he didn't intend to do so. He invited the other smokers in the room to join him. When they had lit up, he observed with interest that the nonsmokers outnumbered the smokers—but that even though they were in the minority, the smokers should proceed. Later we realized that the old guerrilla leader was speaking for the benefit of some of his senior Chinese colleagues who were present. Mao had often found himself in a minority; perhaps he liked it that way. His cultural revolution would reinforce the position of the revolutionary minority.

The Chinese millions shouted many slogans during the mass movement of the sixties, but their favorite was Mao's quote: "Marxism consists of thousands of truths, but they all boil down to one sentence, 'It is right to rebel.' " It is not a slogan that the Chinese are likely to forget. Recent visitors to China report an upsurge of strikes, political protests and defiance of arbitrary authority throughout the urban centers of the country.

The ordinary Chinese citizen cherishes most the unofficial writings, private talks and off-the-cuff remarks of Chairman Mao. There are few who do not know that in 1965 Mao directed his niece to deliberately violate the regulations of her school and become a rebel. When she said she was afraid of being criticized, the old revolutionary told her, "I don't think you will be very capable in the future. You are afraid of being accused of violating the school's system, of criticism, of a bad record, of being expelled from school, of failing to get Party membership. Why should you be afraid of so many things? The worst that can happen to you is expulsion from school. The school should allow students to rebel. Rebel when you return to school."

GAMMA/LIAISON

At one point during these conversations, Mao asked his niece if she was required by the school to read the Holy Bible and the Buddhist Sutras. When his startled niece said, "No, why should we read them?" Mao replied, "How can you do translations or handle foreign affairs if you do not study the Holy Bible and Buddhist Sutras?" Everyone in Peking remembers the Chairman's suggestion that "teachers giving lectures should allow students to fall asleep. If the lecture is no good, it makes no sense to make others listen. Listening to distasteful things with eyes open is worse than sleeping in class. Sleeping may help one recover from fatigue. Students should be given the choice of not listening to lectures."

The favorite American saying of our own students in Peking during those years was Lincoln's classic phrase, "You may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time." To them it sounded like Mao.

After a decade of tumultuous politics, of conservative Chinese leaders mouthing revolutionary rhetoric and ultra-left leaders launching ill-conceived campaigns, the Chinese men and women at the bottom may no longer be cowed by authorities. They know what Mao asked every political cadre he met during his inspection tour of the country in 1968. "Do you lecture people all the time?" and "Do you listen to what other people have to say?" It is not only Washington and Moscow that keep an eye on Mao's political successes. In the days ahead, the hard-working folk toiling in China's factories and fields will be reviewing their own hand-copied transcript of Mao's comments on bureaucrats: "Their bureaucratic attitude is a mess; they have no directions; they are egotistic; they beat the gongs to blaze their way; they cause people to become afraid just by looking at them; they repeatedly hurl all kinds of abuse at people; their work style is crude; they don't treat people equally. This is the bureaucracy of the overlords."

Such is the legacy of rebellion that Mao Tse-tung has left behind. It is not quite what President Ford had in mind when the other day he called the death of Chairman Mao "tragic."●